

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS IDA CONQUEST as *Helena* in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*."



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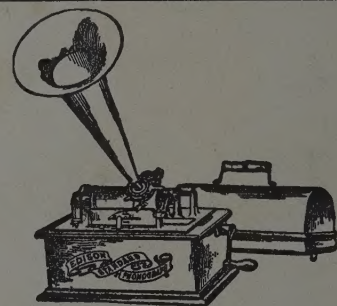
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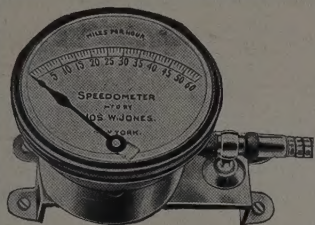
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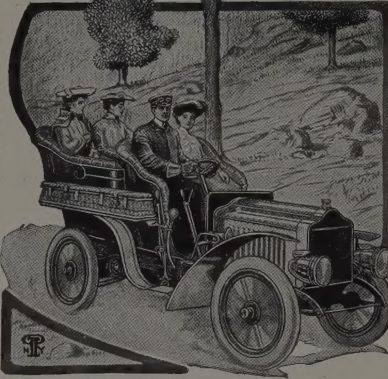


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## Curious Insurances by Concert Performers

**I**F Paderewski suddenly lost one of his fingers or Mme. Patti's inimitable voice were to fail her, the financial loss would be enormous, and would not be covered by any ordinary provision or form of insurance. Therefore all such celebrated artistes avail themselves of a special form of underwriting which is carried on in their interest. They either do so themselves or their agents do it for them, and the figures concerned are large and curious.

None of these performers, says *Tit Bits*, is more largely underwritten in this respect than Kubelik, who pays \$1,500 annually as insurance of his bow hand alone, so that if it were at any time injured so as to prevent him from fulfilling an engagement, he would receive \$10,000 as compensation. If his hand were totally disabled, so that he could never play again, he would get \$50,000, which would enable him to live in comfort, apart from all the money he has already saved.

Paderewski the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as his life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He makes insurances from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea, apart from these his two hands are regularly underwritten from year to year. He pays the huge sum of \$4,000 annually in this way, with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any time, so that he could no longer earn an income by his playing, he would be paid \$50,000 cash down by the underwriters.

Besides this he is insured against temporary disablement of the fingers either by disease or accident, and in case of anything happening to prevent his playing for a single week, he draws, as a rule, a sum of \$2,500 as compensation. He has done so on more than one occasion. The organizers of his concerts who often stand to lose more than the artiste through any unfortunate happening of this kind, likewise take the precaution to cover all such risks, and according to one such agent, the amount they insure for is usually about \$5,000 or \$7,500.

Mme. Patti has always been heavily insured when singing. The usual amount which she has had underwritten for her has been \$5,000, for which \$125 a night had to be paid, and her voice has also been permanently insured for \$40,000 against total loss. The condition made by the insurers is that the loss must be due to accident, cold, or disease, and must not be the result of reckless or wilful conduct.

In the same way as Paderewski, Josef Hoffman is heavily insured according to the special arrangements made by some underwriters for pianists. Not only is each hand separately insured in his case, but every individual finger has a special policy made out for it. Not long ago, he fell from his bicycle and hurt his hand so badly that he could not play for several days. The underwriters had as a consequence to send him a cheque which ran into four figures.

Under these circumstances, and with the risks so considerable, it is not surprising that the underwriters are very careful to see that their interests are safeguarded in every possible way, and one of the things that they most insist on is that the strictest medical precautions against loss or injury shall always be taken by the performers. This, however, is naturally done by the latter for their own sakes, apart from any consideration of insurance.

When on tour, Mme. Patti has sometimes had as many as three special doctors in constant attendance upon her, who understand to a nicety all the peculiarities of her delicate vocal cords and can detect the slightest symptom of anything going wrong with them and treat them accordingly.

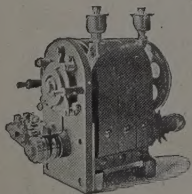
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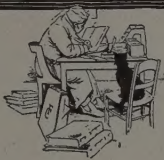
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# THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 40

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

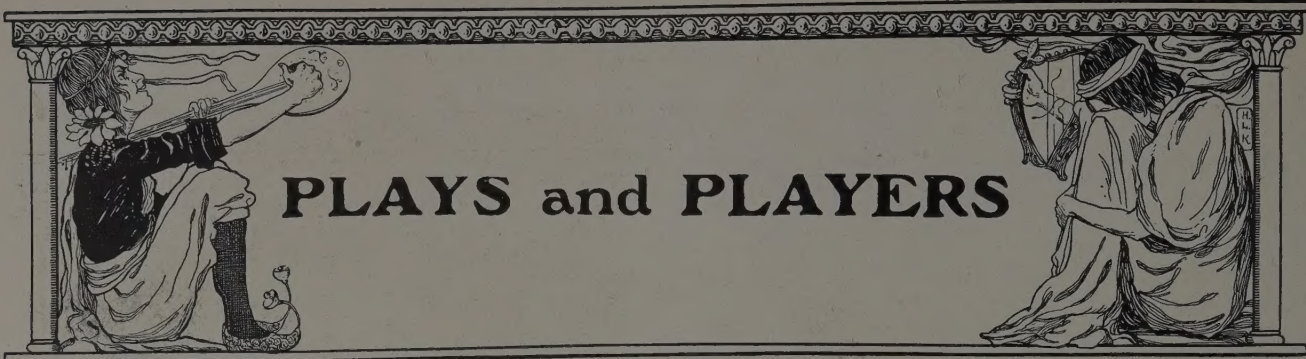


Photo by the Otto Sarony Co.

DUSTIN FARNUM

This picturesque young actor, who has had considerable success this season in the title rôle of "The Virginian," was born in Boston. He made his first appearance on the stage about seven years ago, acting Shakespearean rôles with Margaret Mather, and later he joined Chauncey Olcott. He also has had experience in stock company work. Mr. Farnum is rapidly establishing himself in the favor of the theatregoing public, and especially in that of the Matinee Girl, to whom his personal comeliness particularly appeals.





## PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE theatrical season of 1903-04, just closed, will be remembered as the most unfruitful and disappointing in the history of the local stage. The managers, through a combination of causes—faulty judgment, over-production, the Chicago catastrophe, and general trade depression—have lost money to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the theatre-going public, already discouraged by mediocre entertainment at high prices, has been demoralized completely by a long succession of absolute failures. The great successes of the year are easily counted. They do not exceed half a dozen plays: "The County Chairman," "The Other Girl," "The Girl from Kays," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Raffles," and "Her Own Way." Also successful, but in a lesser degree, must be mentioned: "The Dictator," "The Secret of Polichinelle," "The Yankee Consul," "The Admirable Crichton," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Pit," "The Virginian," "The Man from Blankleys," "The Proud Prince," "Candida," Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," and Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in repertoire. Against these must be placed an almost endless list of pieces which failed to attract substantial patronage: "Ulysses," "Dante," "Mlle. Napoleon," "Major André," "Glad of It," "Ranson's Folly," "Capt. Dieppe," "The Whitewashing of Julia," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Little Mary," "Peggy from Paris," "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," "Hearts Courageous," "The Girl from Dixie," "A Japanese Nightingale," "Personal," "Olympe," "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," "The Marriage of Kitty," "Man Proposes," "The Light that Failed," "The Superstition of Sue," "A Princess of Kensington," "Babette," "The Rector's Garden," "My Lady Molly," "Glittering Gloria," "Harriet's Honeymoon," "The Younger Mrs. Parling," and so on ad infinitum. "The Pretty Sister of José," in spite of its failure as a play, is said to have prospered owing to the extraordinary popularity of Maude Adams, and "The Spenders," which also was a failure in New York, is reported to have done well on the road.

For the season's disasters the playwrights and managers have only themselves to blame—the dramatists for not writing successful plays, the managers for making more productions and operating

more theatres than the world's output of good plays justifies. It is not now, as formerly, when a manager could exercise his judgment and book only such attractions as his experience taught him would prove remunerative. Everything nowadays is done on the speculative and scramble plan. There are so many theatres and so keen is the competition that the theatre lessee is eager to get his dates filled, and he cares little what the attraction may be, so long as his own monetary interests are well secured. The mediocre attraction may not make enough to pay the actors' salaries, but the theatre itself will emerge from the deal all right. The consequence is that the country is flooded with scratch companies and home-made stars, appearing in hastily-flung-together-by-the-office-boy dramatizations of popular novels, which could not have got into leading theatres twenty years ago, and all with subsequent disappointment to manager and theatregoer both. The truth is, the theatrical business has grown too fast. There are too many theatres, not enough plays, and every day the supply of good actors is diminishing. Under the present system there is no training school for the young actor, and unless we return to the stock system, or unless the proposed National Art Theatre comes to save the situation, the species American Actor will become as extinct in this country as the American Buffalo.

The summer or so-called "silly" season is now upon us with its usual frothy entertainment. The roof gardens are all getting ready, to their number having been added Klaw & Erlanger's new Aerial Theatre on top of the New Amsterdam. This will open on June 6, and will be novel in that it is a complete theatre in mid-air, differing from playhouses on the street only in that its sides will be open. The entertainment will be a burlesque by J. J. McNally, entitled "A Little of Everything." Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey will be in the cast. Oscar Hammerstein's "Paradise Gardens," with its picturesque little Dutch village on top of the Victoria, will be, as usual, the popular resort on hot summer nights, and a capital programme is being prepared. On the roof of the New York Theatre the attraction will be a musical piece called "The Southerners, or at the Barbecue." At



VIRGINIA HARNED AS CAMILLE



the Madison square Garden, Duss and his excellent orchestra are again to be seen in "Venice," and at ocean-swept Coney Island, Luna Park and Dreamland promise to furnish all the summer amusement New Yorkers want.

If anything can destroy the potency of an old play more than anything else it is when the original spirit of its performance is lost, essential details in the production are omitted and proportions are neglected. This is preliminary to some account of Virginia Harned's recent appearance as Dumas' famous heroine at the Garrick Theatre. "Camille" cannot be whistled down the wind. It has a history that cannot be denied, and in its existence of more than half a century, it has employed some of the best genius of the stage, and has wrought upon the sympathies of innumerable theatre-goers. It may be, however, that the elements which tend to the disuse of a play are beginning to operate with this work of indubitable force and genuineness. Time was when the real character of Camille as a demi-mondaine was not taken seriously by American audiences, and the time may be at hand when the indelicacy of the subject may prevail over the sentiment of it. That "Camille" would endure yet for an indefinite time if played in the right way admits of little doubt, but the chances are that while its audiences might exist, its actors would not. We may dismiss at once any of the cheap current criticism that "Camille" is a badly-constructed play. The scene between Camille and Armand's father is one of the greatest ever written.

Virginia Harned was entirely justified in wishing to appear in the part. Her production of the play was crude to the last degree, and almost without exception the actors were miscast or inadequate. But there were passages in which she evoked the sympathy of her audience more truly than in anything she has ever done. Whatever the methods of art one may use, however different the means of expression employed may be from those to which we have been accustomed, and which have become traditional, the true test of power is in the effect. While Miss Harned did not establish in her acting an entirely new interpretation, she did supply some new points of business in proof of her careful and sympathetic study of the part. She made manifest some power of initiative. The comparative failure of her production lies in the fact that she attempted to carry the play alone. This at once created a fatal disproportion. There was an overloading of non-essential things, and an absence of essential things. The attempt to give breadth and animation by introducing additional characters for the performance of a can-can at the end of the first act, was an example of the many malfeasances in the production. These added starters, to use the turf phrase, were a disturbing nuisance.

One of the greatest merits of this work of the youth of Dumas is the genuineness of the characters. It was not the dance itself, but the people who did it, and their intimate relations with Camille. It is not always essential, perhaps, that a play should be acted in all its details according to tradition, but the plain requirements should certainly be expressed. Louise Drew, as Nichette, makes her appearance hatless, and with all the manner of one who is living in the house. Never a grisette with such pleasing, maidenly innocence. She was more the school girl than the working girl. Her personal virtues were artistic vices. Nichette has only a few speeches



WILLIAM COURTENAY

Seen recently as Armand Duval in Virginia Harned's production of "Camille"

in the dialogue of her little scene in the opening of the play, and the economies of the playwright make it imperative that her character should be conveyed by a number of external things. Unquestionably, when the play was first produced, and as it is now produced in France, the audience at once recognizes the character of Nichette from various details of dress and appearance. She is introduced at this point, among other things, for a technical reason, to have her visit lead up to the dialogue in the next scene between Varville and Nanine, in which the previous life of Camille is disclosed. The whole immediate purpose of her scene was to convey the fact that she was an honest working girl, and intimate with Camille. In the early edition of the play, Dumas has her inquire for a bundle that was to be left by Camille. In the later edition, he omitted this detail; consequently, it is very clear that, in any production of this play, the intent of the author is entirely frustrated if her character as a working girl is not apparent from her dress, according to the French custom.

The production of the play at the Garrick might be taken up in detail after this fashion, and its shortcomings demonstrated, but as the week's performance was largely experimental, it is unnecessary to accept any challenge or criticism except as to the work of Miss Harned herself. With the details of the play properly attended to, particularly with reference to the acting of the other characters, Miss Harned could easily be acceptable in the part. Without these details, too many of the





Schloss

KATHERINE GREY

Engaged by Charles Frohman to play the part of the daughter in Octave Mirbeau's much discussed drama, "Business is Business," which will be one of the important productions next season. Miss Grey has been recently seen in "The Other Girl."

scenes which should give her some of her best opportunities, apart from the emotional side of the acting, fall flat. In this way the supper scene goes for nothing. The play has situations, it is true, but it is a mistake to imagine for a moment that its power lies simply in the situations. It is more a thing of changing and perplexed emotion than of the sudden kind usually evoked by situation and growing out of the circumstances of the moment. It cannot be tossed off as the mere theatrical device used in a mere play. "Camille" is a genuine play, and it is worth one's while to set aside some prejudice as to character, in order to entertain that emotion of sympathy which cannot be harmful to any human being. All criticism that does not recognize the genius in this play is false. William Courtenay was the Armand Duval.

At a benefit for the Actors' Fund, held at the Garrick Theatre, Charles Frohman made recently an experimental production of "Yvette," a play long kept in reserve, much discussed at the time of its production abroad, and one in which expectant interest had been excited. The material of it is derived from Maupassant and dramatized by Paul Berton, the author of "Zaza." Maupassant had an unerring sense of values, and both from the side of human sympathies and from that of artistic treatment, his genius did not fail him. The same cannot be said of Mr. Berton. It cannot often be said of any French dramatist that his work is crude, but this play is defective and ineffective in the veriest elements of the craft. The translation was made by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, to whom we must assign some of the responsibility for the failure of the

play. If Mr. Berton's work was crude, Mr. Lennox should have applied such remedies as were in his dramatic pharmacopia, but it is not to the purpose to apportion or discuss blame, for, between the two, dramatizer and adapter, the original subject has come to nothing.

Every once in a while we have the generic play, and the public is always ready to welcome it. Here was an opportunity for one of the kind. A girl innately pure, and continuing to be pure in spite of her surroundings, finally discovers the pretense or absence of virtue about her, made plainer by the proposals of a man she loved and who she thought honestly loved her. She seeks refuge in death by attempting suicide with poison. In the original she accepts the situation consistently with the views of life entertained by the society in which she had been reared, but inconsistently with innate purity. In the adaptation she is revived and we are to suppose that her lover will prove honest and rescue her from her surroundings. Here are two points of view, two methods of treatment. In reality, as it would seem, Mr. Berton writes all but the last five minutes of the play, and then Mr. Lennox applies his restraining hand and reaches out for the prize. The effect is incongruous. It is playing the piece with two Evas, and they of different appearance in almost every particular. Theoretically, or merely as a story, an ending of the play with a perspective of a general reformation and happiness for the principal characters is possible, but it leaves no impression of reality. The original material of the play is fine, the dramatic treatment of it utterly futile, and its adaptation worse. If this were not the case, the players selected for the performance would have made something of it. Margaret Illington gave us the artlessness, impulsiveness and purity of sentiment of Yvette, but she could not make consistent the inconsistencies of three authors. Dorothy Dorr had one situation, that in which the mother must confess

her real character to Yvette, her daughter, and secured the applause belonging to a situation that could not be destroyed by either Berton or Lennox. Bruce McRae was acceptable as the lover, but Tyrone Power, as Leon Saval, resembling a Svengali in makeup, was wide of the mark and was feebleness itself. There are possibilities in Maupassant's story, but they were not brought out in the experimental production of "Yvette" in its present form.

The industry of converting unwholesome French plays into innocuous entertainment still flourishes, and will be continued to be practiced by the "old clo's" men of the dramatic profession to the end of time. When a playwright once commits himself to this kind of business, he is absolutely lost for any other career as an author. When a play



Otto Sarony Co. DAVID C. MONTGOMERY

Clever low comedian whose performance as the Tinman was one of the best features of the "Wizard of Oz"



is not written on the universal keyboard, the results in adapting it are rarely happy. Where the scene of the original play is left in Paris, and adaptation is required in order to purify it, it is an admission that something material had to be sacrificed. Unless some equivalent in value is substituted, the play necessarily becomes anaemic. This is the case with "Tit for Tat," as adapted by Leo Ditrichstein, and produced at the Savoy Theatre by Miss Elizabeth Tyree. There are some diverting moments in the piece, but in the main, its comedy is wholly lacking in sincerity. A young wife, weary of the neglect of her husband, who associates by preference with his horses, and has the manners of a stableboy, although a well-bred man, seeks diversion in the attention of other men. He sees that she wishes to provoke some occasion for a divorce, and there is a bit of comedy in his repression of temper, and her final securing of a cause for divorce by reason of an apparent slap from him. The prospective new husband torments her with jealousy, and the action is pieced out with a scene of needless jealousy, in which he attempts to secure a harmless letter. In the last act she goes to an appointment veiled, and finds her husband, who has substituted himself for the expected one. His attire is now faultless, and she yields to a sudden access of love for him, so that the complication will end in their happy reunion.

Except for the opportunity of a few diverting scenes, that complication is hardly sufficient for a play. It is without substance and significance, and cannot endure. Miss Tyree is constantly growing in her facility of comedy expression, and she acts with considerable artistic distinction, but the play is not commensurate with her proper ambition. It may not be out of place to say that the constituency of the theatre in this country is so large that a play which will not meet with universal favor can have but a momentary success in New York, due to personal and local conditions, if without substance, and it will inevitably meet with disaster when it ventures beyond the city's walls. Miss Tyree always provides an excellent company for whatever she undertakes, and supplies her production with all that is needful in the matter of taste. Among the members of the present company may be mentioned: Joseph Kilgour, John Flood, Miss Helen Tracy, Miss Elizabeth Emmet, Miss Felice Morris, and Miss Deronda Mayo.

Any old name is good enough for musical extravaganza. That is probably why Mr. Perley dignified the extraordinary

concoction by Cornelia Osgood Tyler and Frederic Coit Wight by the high-sounding title, "A Venetian Romance." In its original form this piece, we understand, was a legitimate operetta with a sane, consistent book and a prima donna in the rôle now taken by the ingenue. But when placed in rehearsal, the piece was declared to be too serious for Broadway, and the

stage manager took his formidable blue pencil and cut and slashed until of the original manuscript practically nothing remained. This explains why the whole thing is incoherent and meaningless. The scene opens in Venice in Carnival time. Nanetta, loved by Antonio, favors Foscari, but cannot wed him because a ring, possessing some mysterious virtue, has been lost. From this point, which is at the end of the first act, the plot of the opera follows the fate of the ring, for what becomes of the heroine and the magic ring we do not know. The truth is, the piece is a musical production of the up-to-date kind, not meant to be taken too seriously, with only an apology for a plot, and whose main object is to exhibit a number of more or less attractive young girls in gorgeous dresses. "A Venetian Romance" succeeds in doing this. There are several capital songs, some good dancing, and there is a catchy musical *motif* running through the piece connected with the mysterious coming and going of three weird-looking robbers. Mabel Hite, a clever eccentric soubrette, is genuinely amusing in her contortions, and the willowy widows are likewise attractive and pleasing. Harry Macdonough plays the clown in the conventional manner.



Hall

CHARLES A. BIGELOW IN "THE MAN FROM CHINA"

"The Man from China," now on view at the Majestic, is another example of uninspired musical comedy hastily manufactured to supply an alleged feverish public demand. The plot deals with the adventures of an itinerant musician who is mistaken for an eccentric millionaire. Despite this humorous complication, the lines are dull, the humor witless and the music commonplace. Charles A. Bigelow is the musician and works hard in a mirthless part. Redeeming features, however, are the graceful dancing of Aimée Angeles and Stella Mayhew, who sings cleverly a song entitled "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man."

"The Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl," which has been appearing in this magazine since April, is fiction only as regards the names of the characters. The name "Julia Wemple," as might be inferred, is a pseudonym only. The author of the story is Vivia Ogen, who was once a popular child-actress.





From Le Théâtre

Scene in Act 1 of "The Harvester"

## Otis Skinner in "The Harvester"



Windeatt

OTIS SKINNER AS THE ROVER

"THE HARVESTER," an adaptation of Jean Richepin's five-act idyllic drama in verse, entitled "Le Chemineau," was produced recently in Milwaukee by Otis Skinner and a special company, and is reported to have met with great success.

"Le Chemineau" was produced originally at the subsidized Théâtre de l'Odéon, in Paris, in 1897, and enjoyed a phenomenal run. M. Decori played the part now taken by Mr. Skinner, and Mme. Segond-Weber was the Toinette. Revived three years later at the more fashionable Théâtre du Gymnase, the piece did not fare so well, the smaller stage making it impossible to give the fine effects shown at the Odéon, and the poetic character of the play itself probably proving distasteful to the blasé and more material patrons of the Boulevard playhouse. An English version of the piece made by L.

N. Parker, under the title "Ragged Robin," was produced with success by Beerbohm Tree in London in 1898. The locale of the play had been changed from France to an English shire, and Charles Warner played the part of the paralytic husband. The American version is the work of Charles M. Skinner, dramatic critic and brother of the actor. He has made a prose translation of Richepin's rhymed verse and lays the scene in Canada.

The literal translation of the French title is "The Roadster," and the chief personage of the drama is the character common to all countries—the roving, irresponsible vagrant, the restless ne'er-do-well, without roof, wife, or child, shirking work and all restraint, sleeping under the open sky, content with a crust so he may tramp freely along the great white way and call no man master. The dramatist has naturally idealized this somewhat unsympathetic character, presenting his hero as a man who, while having all the instincts of his class, is still moved by good and even noble impulses. The plot is very slight and

the play has a quiet, pathetic ending, the tramp sacrificing his own possible happiness to preserve intact an ideal. The verse in the original has the power and beauty and fine lyric quality of Richepin's best work.

The scene is laid in Burgundy in our day. Pierre, a well-to-do farmer, is reaping his harvest, and among the villagers who assist in the work is a lusty stranger, known to his companions only as "the Rover." He inspires the respect of all by his splendid physique, his knowledge of men and things, and his remarkable science in caring for live stock and crops. Although devoted to his careless, roving life, he has halted in his wanderings to help garner the golden grain. His services are so valuable that Pierre seeks to retain him on the farm and urges him to marry Toinette, a buxom country wench. But the Rover prefers to remain his own master. However, he has made ardent love to Toinette, who admired his manly beauty, and has taken advantage of the girl's innocence. Then, seized again with his passion for the great white way, he takes his staff and wallet and goes off singing, leaving Toinette to mourn his memory.

When the curtain rises on the second act, twenty years have passed. The unhappy Toinette, to save her reputation, married Francois, a foreman on the farm, shortly after the Rover's departure, and when a boy is born, none but Farmer Pierre and Toinette herself know that Francois is not the child's real father. As Toinet, the boy, grows to manhood, he becomes attached to Aline, the daughter of Farmer Pierre. The girl's father scoffs at the lad's presumption in aspiring to her hand, and Toinet is rendered so miserable that he threatens to go into a decline.

One day, when matters are at their worst, a stranger enters the village cabaret. It is the Rover. After wandering for twenty years all over the country, he is again passing through Farmer



Windentt

LIZZIE HUDSON COLLIER AS TOINETTE



Pierre's land. He is soon recognized, and he inquires with some feeling after Toinette. The gossips tell him all the news, and on learning that Toinette has a grown-up son, the Rover shows deep emotion. Left alone, Toinette soon comes in, and after the long years, the one-time lovers meet face to face. Toinette forgives the past and tells him about their son and his sorrow. The Rover promises to redeem himself by making his son happy.

In the fourth act we find Farmer Pierre in distress at the condition of his live stock. His cows are dying for want of proper care, and total ruin threatens. He needs a capable foreman. He learns of the arrival of the Rover and, remembering his great skill, sends for him. The Rover comes, and the farmer offers him liberal wages if he will assume charge of the farm. The Rover agrees, but his price is the hand of Aline for Toinet. "Give my daughter to a bastard?" cries the enraged parent. "No one knows the truth but you, me and his mother," replies the Rover. "Your daughter loves him. Make both our children happy." The farmer refuses, but just then he receives news that another cow has died. This induces him to alter his mind, and Aline becomes Toinet's wife.

In the last act the whole family is happily united, Toinet being still in ignorance of the Rover's relationship to him. The paralytic Francois, meanwhile, has grown more feeble, and cannot live long, and Farmer Pierre holds out the hope

to the Rover that he will soon be able to wed Toinette. Sweet as is this prospect, the Rover refuses. He will not run the risk of being suspected of having done a good action through a selfish motive. He is not a domestic man and never can be, his home being the dusty roads, and his roof the blue sky. And with great emotion, during Toinette's absence, he again takes his staff and wallet, and passes out into the great world, singing "Tramp on, Rover, tramp on!"

James O'Donnell Bennett, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, says:

"Mr. Skinner has given this play a glorious background. The harvest fields, the quaint habitations of a solid, primitive people, the inn yard and the garden of the rich old farmer's home, are all in admirable taste, massive as to structure, glowing in the scheme of color, yet never garish. Not since Henry Irving brought to this country Hawes Craven's picture of the hawthorn bower in "King Arthur" has our stage disclosed a lovelier presentment of vernal radiance than the garden of Master Pierre in "The Harvester."



Windeatt  
MAUD DURBIN AS ALINE

## The Actress Who Ruled a Kingdom

Extraordinary Career of Lola Montez—Actress, Dancer and Adventuress

SOME years ago, as I was strolling about in Greenwood Cemetery, I asked an old gardener if he could show me the grave of Lola Montez. He looked at me intently for a few moments and then said:

"I have been connected with this cemetery for more than thirty years, and you are the second man who has asked to be shown her grave. The first year I went on duty here a gentleman asked me to point out her grave. He was tall and Spanish-looking, and he wore a long cloak. He asked me a great many questions about her; if I had ever seen her dance or act. I told him that I saw her several times at the old Castle Garden. On the way out of the cemetery he handed me this Spanish gold piece."

The old man took the coin from his pocket and showed it to me. He had preserved it as a souvenir.

In 1852 I was treasurer of the Christy Minstrels on Broadway, and Lola Montez often attended our entertainments. Many a long chat I had with this interesting woman in our little band-box of a ticket office. She told me a great deal of her history; that is, her side of it. She always insisted that she was the most abused woman in the world. It is true that in her day she was the subject of more newspaper talk than any woman

then living. It was about this time that Thackeray's famous novel, "Vanity Fair," was first being generally read in America, and Lola expressed to me and to all her friends great indignation that the English novelist should have impersonated her in his book as Becky Sharp. Once she said to me: "If Thackeray had only told the truth, I should not have cared, but he got his inspiration for the character from my enemies in England."

Eliza Gilbert, or, as she called herself, "Lola Montez," was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818, her father being a Spanish merchant. Lola's early life was humdrum and commonplace. Her mother, Mrs. Gilbert, kept a shop, and dealt in haberdashery and the child was sent off to Scotland to school. Her letters to her mother from the school were filled with complaints, hints of indisposition, and begging to be allowed to return home. Finally Eliza took "French leave" and returned home.

Shortly afterwards she was married to an Indian nabob, and went to live with him in India. While there she met Capt. Thomas James and eloped with him. But they soon quarreled and separated. After she returned to England, in 1838, she met Jean Francois Montez, who lavished a fortune upon her, educated her, intro-



Lola Montez





CARLOTTA NILLSON

A Swede by birth but American by adoption, this interesting actress has attracted much attention during the past season. Her fine temperament and delicate method as shown in "Hedda Gabler," "The Triumph of Love," and "Love's Pilgrimage" proved a delightful surprise and won instant recognition from the intelligent public.

duced her to people of quality, and secured for her the *entrée* to many houses where she could never have gained admission without his aid. She called herself Lola Montez and went on the stage, being furnished by Montez with an elaborate wardrobe. Then she left England against the wishes of her admirer, touring through France, Germany, and Russia. At Paris she was the cause of a duel fought between a man named Dujarier and his rival, Beauvallon, a San Domingo creole. Dujarier was killed, but had left a small fortune to Lola, who appeared at court in deep mourning and actually created a strong impression in her favor by her modest, contrite demeanor. Her conduct after the affair, however, was disadvantageous to her interests in Paris. She was too gay, too demonstrative or nonchalant. She was talked about, and public opinion soon went against her. She was repeatedly insulted and left Paris, after having spoiled the good opinion she had created.

She then went to Russia, and for a short time was successful. She was suspected of being a French spy, was continually watched, and finally driven from Russia. She made no impression whatever in Poland, where she sang barcaroles, and was forced to leave that country.

About this time Lola was sadly in need of money to replenish

her wardrobe. She met Montez in Berlin, and after a little emotional scene, recounting her struggles, hardships and poverty, Montez once more assisted her.

But the climax of her remarkable career awaited her when she went to Bavaria. At Baden she met King Ludwig, who fell in love with her on the spot. Lola danced, smiled, coquetted and soon acquired ascendancy over the King. She was the talk of Munich—of all Bavaria. But Lola was not satisfied with ruling the King. She knew her power over the infatuated monarch, and now began to rule Bavaria itself. She had been refused admission to the royal theatre, where she applied for a position as a "première danseuse," the ballet-master not being very favorably impressed with Lola or her dancing. This unexpected contretemps made her furious. She applied to the King, and he commanded that she should appear at the royal theatre whenever she liked. On the night of her *début* the King himself led the applause. Lola looked superb in her unique Spanish costume, while ivory castenets click-clicked with the sounds of the music, but the *danzas habladas* did not impress the German public. "La Cachucha" was no more to them than a war dance by a Fiji Islander. Lola was hissed, and never afterwards danced in Germany.

But her influence with the King was not weakened, and Lola Montez was now more talked about than ever. The University students, who were very powerful and at that time wore swords, hotly discussed the merits and demerits of "La Montez." Being divided in their sympathies, a riot followed and a royal edict closed the University for one year. This added to the public excitement. Lola was insulted and pelted whenever she attempted to drive out, and yet while engaged in fighting down her unpopularity, this extraordinary woman found leisure to correspond with all the celebrated diplomatists of the day. She became the real ruler of Bavaria, and carried her power over the weak King so far as to presume to make laws for the people. This led to her undoing. The people rebelled and great public indignation was aroused. The majority of the students now agreed that she had hypnotized the King and was an enemy of the State. Bodily violence was openly threatened, and Lola was

compelled to flee, disguised in male attire, in a closed carriage, surrounded by troops, who escorted her to the frontier. Her house at Munich was burned to the ground, with all its valuable treasures of art.

In 1851 she sailed for New York and appeared at the old Bowery Theatre, where crowds flocked to see her. Then she went to California, and the gold diggers gave an ounce of gold dust to see her dance. Later she returned to New York, where she died in 1861. DR. JUDD.



ANGELA OGDEN

A one time popular child actress with Clara Morris, and seen lately in "The Shepherd King" at the Knickerbocker



# An Office Boy Who Became a Star

*Chats with Players No. 27*

"I WOULD rather be a Mick than a king."

Arnold Daly, removing the "make-up" from the tip of a boldly curved and slightly pugnacious nose, turned eyes of candor upon the interviewer. They were Irish eyes, the sort that the poet says are the most beautiful in the world, the best eyes to marry if they belong to a woman,—large, blue-gray, thickly fringed eyes. They are the home of honesty, of over-much sentiment, of the altruistic spirit. Years of wrestling with a not too warm welcoming may half mar them by injecting the shifting glint of steel. Occasionally there is the ststeel glint in Arnold Daly's eyes. Especially noticeable is this flash of wrath when he is talking of bad actors.

The young actor-manager is an Irish-American. Remindful of Wilton Lackaye's "I thank my Irish blood for the best that is in me," was this opening sentence of his: "I would rather be a Mick than a king."

Mr. Daly critically examined his hair to see whether the brown locks were tinged with any intruding pink of make-up. The interviewer noted that the hair was appallingly thin on top for a man of twenty-nine. For this successful actor is no older. In truth, he looks much younger. Yet there is no question about it; the Daly family Bible corroborates the statement.

His movements are quick, boyish, instinct with nervous energy, but his fund of vitality, seemingly exhaustless, gives the impression of infinite power in reserve.

"The Irishman," he chatted on, "is temperamental, impulsive, and poetic. He is astute, besides, and he can be an excellent business man when he chooses. There is nothing he cannot achieve if he wants to, but he is liable to fall just short of achievement because he doesn't care any longer. He doesn't care. There you have your Irishman."

It might to the casual thinker seem a curious coincidence that the plays of that remarkable Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, should have found their most successful interpreter

in an Irishman, born by accident, rather than design, in America. But Mr. Daly regards this as a natural development.

"An Irishman can fathom an Irishman," he said.

When Charles Wyndham, five years ago, was saying to Mr. Shaw: "'Candida' is a good play, but it is twenty years ahead of the times," and Richard Mansfield was offering Shaw's other plays, "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple," to unresponsive and unprofitable audiences, this audacious youngster, Arnold Daly, was organizing an actors' club for the production of "Candida," the play which, under his direction, has been one of the season's chief successes.

"It's very simple," he said. "Everything's very simple when you know the story. I had done a good deal of reading for a chap of my age, and in the course of that reading I ran upon Shaw's 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.' I felt as a prospector does when he strikes a big vein of gold. I talked to Jack Mason, Hilda Spong, and others about 'Candida.' They read it and shared my enthusiasm and confidence in the play. We got together and rehearsed for five days. The sixth day one actor did not come to rehearsal, and an actress reported that she had to begin rehearsing at once for a new production. In that way our little company fell to pieces, and the plan had to be abandoned for the time.

"I'll bide my time," I said to myself, 'but the next time I'll pay the actors. Money has a strange holding power.

"I have played a dozen engagements since, but I never stopped thinking of 'Candida,' and when theatrical venture after theatrical venture collapsed in the fall, I said, 'Bad season! The time to give them a good thing!'

"My assets were \$350 and an unshakable belief in the play.

"You know something of our vicissitudes. First there were careless and indifferent theatre managers, who neglected the printing and advertising, and when we were ready to open, had no tickets



Photo Hadaway

ARNOLD DALY IN "CANDIDA"





Gilbert &amp; Bacon, Phila.

MISS EDNA PHILLIPS

Leading woman in the Murray Hill Theatre stock company

for sale. At first we gave special matinees, but special matinees belong more or less in the freak class, and I was anxious to lift 'Candida' to the dignity of a regular attraction. I took it to another theatre, and then came the holidays and the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, and our New York play-houses were emptied, because everybody was afraid to go to a theatre. We moved again, and the building was condemned. Then we had to appear in a club-house where there were hundreds of alluring pictures on the wall to distract the thoughts of the audience from 'Candida.' In all, we moved six times before we were settled for a run in the Vaudeville."

And here Mr. Daly paused. He had no mind to expatiate upon the wonderful success of 'Candida,' the most thoughtful and best interpreted play of the year."

Mr. Daly's recipe for a successful production commends itself to sane judgment.

"Be sure of your play. Get good actors and get the best out of them."

What followed, in conjunction with Mr. Daly's Irish eyes, in which blazed a sudden wrath, was startling:

"Bad actors should be whipped. I should like to see them thrown into a pond. There should be a State enactment for punishing bad actors."

Mr. Daly reflected, but he did not retract. "A bad actor," he went on, "should make himself a good one or he should get out of the business. To make himself a good actor he should read, he should observe and he should deal mercilessly with himself.

"When an actor is alone in his room is the time to grow in his art. If he have a bad walk, if his diction be faulty, or if he have bad mannerisms, these are the time and place to correct them. And he should fling away foolish notions about temperament and impulse.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred impulse is wrong. If an actor rehearses a part according to his impulse, he should afterwards get outside himself and criticise his own work. For himself he should have no mercy.

"A player should thank heaven for a harsh stage director, provided the director knows his business. The hardest task-master, and, because of that, the best friend, I have had in my eleven years on the stage, was the late Frank Mayo. His criticisms of my work were so fierce that another actor intervened.

"Don't be so hard on the boy," he pleaded in my behalf. 'He's only a youngster.'

"Shut up!" I said to my would-be friend, though the tears were streaming down my face. 'I want to know what he thinks.'

"I did want to know, no matter how unflattering it was, for Frank Mayo knew his business. He was the greatest stage director we have ever had in America. It was then that I conceived my dislike for bad actors. I saw that they didn't want to learn, that they were smugly self-satisfied. When Mr. Mayo began to explain something to them, they interrupted him with 'Yes, I understand.' He insisted upon their playing his way, but after his death I noticed that they sank back into bad acting. They were playing their own way, interpreting according to their own 'understanding.' I was said to have made a 'hit' in the play. It was 'Pudd'n Head Wilson.' If I did, it was because I played the part as Mr. Mayo told me to play it."

Temperament, at whose shrine so many actors worship with shining eyes, Mr. Daly discounted.

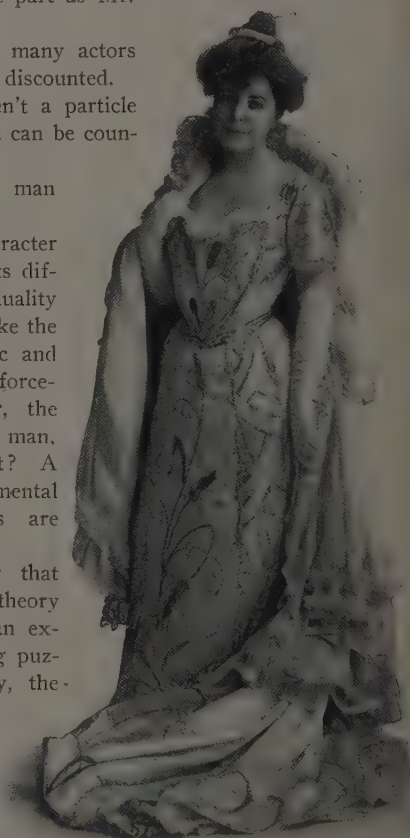
"There are good actors who haven't a particle of it," he said. "It is something that can be counfeited with great success."

Of genius, this thinking young man has a novel theory.

"The more the character and tastes of the parents differ, the more individuality has their offspring. Take the gentle, sensitive, artistic and poetic mother, and the forceful, dominating father, the north wind sort of a man, and their child is what? A genius, because all the mental and physical qualities are united in him."

And who shall say that Arnold Daly's curious theory of genius is not also an explanation of the baffling puzzle of dual personality, the solution of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" problem?

If we are sober and industrious one day, idle and dissolute the next, as



MISS LAURA BURT

Played an important part recently in "Dante" with Sir Henry Irving



# The Prince of Pilsen Invades London

FRANK PIXLEY'S AND GUSTAV LUDERS' TUNEFUL  
OPERETTA NOW ON VIEW IN ENGLAND



VICTOR MORLEY  
As Lord Somerset



Byron, N. Y.

The Drinking Chorus by the Heidelberg Students



LILLIAN HOLLIS  
A Vassar Girl



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila

Jimmy (Zella Frank) and Sidonie (Jeanette Beageard) Singing "Keep It Dark" in "The Prince of Pilsen"



much to our astonishment as that of our friends, to our own quite as much as to our neighbors' dismay, perhaps it is "simple," after all, a little conjugal battle for supremacy taking place within us.

His remark concerning geniuses had to do with Shaw, not Daly, for the actor names the playwright in his trinity of dramatic geniuses.

"Ibsen, Shakespeare, Shaw," so reads his litany, "and the greatest of these is Shaw."

"Do you venture to put Shaw before Shakespeare?"

"Certainly!" The Irish eyes widened with wonder at our doubt. "Why shouldn't he be? He has Shakespeare to build upon. Every successive generation is wiser than the last. Today we have the multiplied and accumulated wisdom of all the ages from which to draw."

Mr. Daly has never met the Shaw of his worship, but the letters that pass between the pair are oddly and delightfully individual.

"Charles Frohman advised me to make some changes in 'You Never Can Tell,' wrote the author. 'I welcomed his suggestion with such ecstasy that I haven't heard from him since,' said Mr. Shaw, who preserves his plays as inviolate as we are commanded to preserve the Bible.

"Imagine being laughed at by Shaw," and Arnold Daly shivered.

Mr. Daly was an agile and efficient, but somewhat erratic, office boy in Mr. Frohman's office for four years.

"I went there because nobody else would have me," he said. "You see I had led four or five strikes in the public schools, and locked the teachers out, and this record followed me when I tried to impress possible employers. Mr. Frohman either hadn't heard, or didn't care."

But when the office boy felt that he had ripened into an actor, his employer did not agree with him. Master Daly forged forth by devious ways



MISS MARION FAIRFAX  
Played the part of a young society woman in "The Triumph of Love"

Oh, he must come!"

A well-known star, one of the few not concerned in the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans," chanced to meet one of the managers during the rehearsals of the melodrama, and remarked that he would like to apply for a position.

The manager, astonished at his assurance, informed him there was nothing open.

"Oh, yes there is; a most important position and one rather fraught with danger."

"What is that?"

"The man who lays out the dressing-rooms." The actor chuckled as he passed on his way.

Digby Bell was playing a vaudeville engagement not long ago in Worcester, Mass. During his stay, the veterans of the Spanish-American War, held their reunion at the hotel where Mr. Bell was a guest. It lasted two nights, during which the other inmates of the hotel were sleepless. Just as dawn was breaking, a detachment of veterans, filled with song, etc., burst forth with "The Good Old Summer Time," then fell downstairs. Mr. Bell, blazing with wrath, yelled after them: "I wish the Spaniards had won."

until he met Mr. Frank Mayo, and, learning of him, came to favorable notice in "Pudd'n Head Wilson."

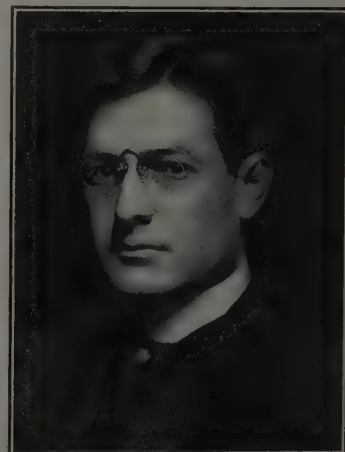
He has played the widest variety of parts, from the beatific boy to the villain about whose neck the gallery yearns to place the deserved rope. So much the artist is he, so free from the burr of mannerisms, that if it were not for the betraying programmes he might remain on the stage, undiscovered as to identity, for the entire performance. Of how many actors may we honestly say this?

"We are going to Boston soon," he said, "to stay as long as they want us. Next season we shall produce 'You Never Can Tell.' I intend to put on all the Shaw plays. There are enough to last for five years. And I expect to get Mr. Shaw over here to write the great satire on American life. He is the one to do it. I have written him that we are a queerer people and have funnier ways that he dreams of.

ADA PATTERSON.



Hall  
J. E. HAZZARD  
Now playing Herr Gebulbar in "The Yankee Consul"



Stein  
EDGAR BAUME  
Member of the Thanousserstock company, Milwaukee



Scenes in the New Operetta "A Venetian Romance"



Hall ANNA McNABB  
An agile dancer



Otto Sarony Co.  
The Three Robbers



Hall MABEL HITE  
Clever eccentric soubrette



Hall CARROLL McCOMAS ANNABELLE WHITFORD MAY CONWELL HARRY MacDONOUGH  
THE FAMOUS TRIPLETS OF TRIPOLI





## Child Actors Who Earn Big Incomes

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the active opposition of the Gerry Society, and the probability that other States will follow the lead of New York in placing restrictions on the child of the stage, there are to-day more children of tender age appearing on the boards than ever before. Few dramas prepared for the cheaper theatres are considered complete without a leading child part to arouse the heart interest and attract the army of mothers, and it often happens that it is the child in the company who receives the largest salary and is especially featured; for clever child actors are hard to find, and the public no longer seriously accepts grown persons in child parts.

We passed safely through one epidemic of stage children in the "Fauntleroy" days when winsome Elsie Leslie set a standard of juvenile acting that has never been surpassed. In England, the child melodrama has become chronic; in fact, the most successful melodramas abroad are these in which the child part predominates. It is not surprising, therefore, that Little Ruby, Master Sydney Carlyle, and other bright American youngsters who went to Europe to act until they were seven (the legal age in New York) remained to continue their triumphs on foreign soil. Master Carlyle, who has for several years been the leading boy actor in London, has returned to America to star next season in "Alone in the World." He made his debut at the age of four in "Frou Frou," supporting his mother, who played the title rôle. The little chap enjoyed his first night on the stage so much that he insisted on making an entrance during the speech in which Frou Frou bewails her recklessness in deserting husband and children. Calmly seating himself in an easy chair, Sydney proceeded to applaud his mother's efforts. The audience joined in and Master Sydney was happy. His mother felt otherwise, but from that day he has been idolized by the British public.

But not all clever child actors go to Europe by any means, and fewer still can boast of having been ordered on the stage, as was little Gracie Faust, "for the good of her health." Chicago physicians declared that only constant change of scenery, travel, and the excitement attendant to a dramatic career could save the life of the frail little girl. So little Gracie was sent to join an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show which played in a tent (also by the doctors' advice), and soon the five-year-old little Eva began to grow plump and strong—strong enough, in fact, to star last season in a road melodrama.

Poverty drives many children to seek a career on the stage, but Master Durant Rose, who recently created a hit in "April Weather," is the only son of a society woman who recently won a judgment for \$750,000 against her father's estate. This young man of seven, who is to star next season, may some day become a millionaire, but his one thought now is on the part he is to play next season. Master Rose's little leading lady is also a stage débutante of this season, beautiful little Olive McVine, of Brooklyn, the daintiest "Milhe" that ever went out with a "Shore Acres" company.

One of the most popular of the stars in theatrical totdom is Master Clifford Lamont, who, with his little sister Marie, draws something over \$100 a week in a lurid melodrama. These youngsters, who were with Joseph Jefferson last season, are having a new play written for their special use. Clifford is the most manly boy-actor on the stage to-day, and his little sister being left entirely in his charge, he feels responsibility as "head of the family."

Beatrice Abbey, of the Boston Stock Company, is the heroine of a hundred parts, although she is but ten years of age. In New York she created the child part in Mark Twain's "Little Lady and the Lord General." She is also famous as a model for great artists.

Perhaps the best money-maker among the child-actors is Master Lores Grimm, who played parts for Charles Frohman until he became "leading man" at the Children's Theatre, and was later starred as "Buster Brown." Master Grimm makes his own contracts and he sometimes cajoles managers into paying him \$100 a week for his services. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that out of his earnings in the last six years enough has been saved to purchase a house on Walnut street, Cincinnati, the rent of which the little landlord himself collects and adds to his bank account.

New England has provided many talented stage children. The best known of these is little Lillian Hazle, who left her native Vermont to sing the part of Little Miriam in the opera "Egypta." Of course, she was promptly "taken off" in New York, and now confines her work in the metropolis to straight parts. Next season this little girl will star as "The Little Marchioness" in a revival of the Dickens play.

Many of our best child performers come from the West. There is Master Webb Raune, born in Indiana, and whose father has made a large fortune in New York. Master Webb went on the stage to star in "The Master of Carlton Hall," and has no equal among children as an emotional actor. When his mother decided that Webb was to become an actor, the little boy insisted that his baby sweetheart, Beryl Morse, also a child of wealthy parents, be given a part in the play. The Gerry Society would not let Beryl appear because she was under the legal age, so that the little girl was compelled to wait a year. But all last season she supported Master Donald Gallagher in the playroom scene with Miss Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way."

Some children succeed chiefly by their beauty. Little Ethel Field can never be induced to take a speaking part, and the Brooklyn child-beauty, Vera Hotson, although in great demand, is just as contented to stand around and look pretty. Others cannot leave home. Benny Lehman is one of these, a clever boy whose parents are wise enough to permit him to play only when the theatre does not interfere with his lessons.

Gwendolyn Cowper is only nine years old, and played last season in "The Winning Hand." Next season she will have a star part.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD.





OLIVE McVINE.



BERYL MORSE, DONALD GALLAGHER, MOLLIE KING & MARIE HIRSCH

"IN HER OWN WAY."



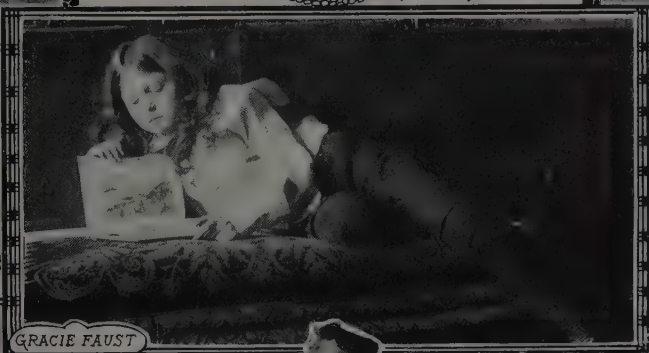
DURANT ROSE.



GWENDOLYN COWPER.



CLIFFORD & MARIE LAMONT.



GRACIE FAUST



BENNY LEHMAN.



SYDNEY CARLYLE.



LILLIAN HAZLE.



BEATRICE ABBEY.



LORES GRIMM.



ETHELFIELD.

Lilliputian Actors who Play Important Roles on the American Stage





## The Actress in her Automobile

Illustrated with photographs taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron and others

Maxine Elliott, driving a party in her White Incomparable, stops on the road to chat with a friend

THE automobile, which Posterity will account the greatest invention of our civilization, placing it in utility even above those other twentieth century wonders, Wireless Telegraphy, the Submarine and the Air Ship, has many uses apart from its chief function as a self-locomotor, and perhaps this fact may explain the ever-growing popularity of the horseless carriage. Not only is the automobile becoming indispensable as an agent of transportation, but it is also a constant joy as an instrument of pleasure, and physicians now generally agree that as an antidote for nerve tension it has no equal, and this, no doubt, is why we find these swift, self-moving vehicles so popular with the people of the stage. Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Lillian Russell, Edna Wallace Hopper, Hattie Williams, Drina de Wolfe, Virginia Harned, Marie Cahill, Ida Conquest, and other theatre favorites, all own automobiles, and when not absent on the road playing engagements, may be seen every day riding in them on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive.

Automobiling, say the players, is the best counter-irritant, the greatest cure for the strain of stage life. When you see an actress whizzing past you in her motor-car in the park, you see, if you are not reflective, merely a pretty woman in an automobile, not an uncommon sight. But there is a subjective as well as objective phase of the vision.

You see at once a supreme exhilaration and an entire forgetfulness of everything but the moment and its charms.

Motoring offers all of the exaltation of a champagne supper with none of its regretful aftermath.

"An hour in my car is as good a tonic as a mountain climb," said Virginia Harned, whose cheeks had the glow of a Jacqueminot rose, as she stepped from her automobile—a victoria built for the actress by the Electric Vehicle Company.

But there is a vast difference between motoring and motor-ing. It is pleasant to perch behind or beside a skillful chauffeur and spin along at the highest speed compatible with the presence of policemen, and the existence of an ordinance against scorching. But, all said, that is only semi-motoring.

Real motoring is to manage one's own machine. To the woman who can manage her own car the fascination of a run is doubled. She has passed from the passive to the active state, is a motorist instead of a semi-motorist.

To manage a car, a woman must be self-reliant. She must be determined, brave, have firm nerves and complete self-possession. She must be rather a woman whose eyes are close together than far apart, for she must be keen-eyed and alert, equal to an emergency, and she must have no closer acquaintance with hysteria than an introduction through a dictionary or medical work.

Formidable as this category is, many actresses possess all these qualifications. Julia Marlowe manages her own Electric runabout on Riverside Drive as easily as she wins her audiences. Lillian Russell guides her auto with her own



Byron, N. Y.

Irene Bentley thinks that an auto is quite as manageable as a company of actors



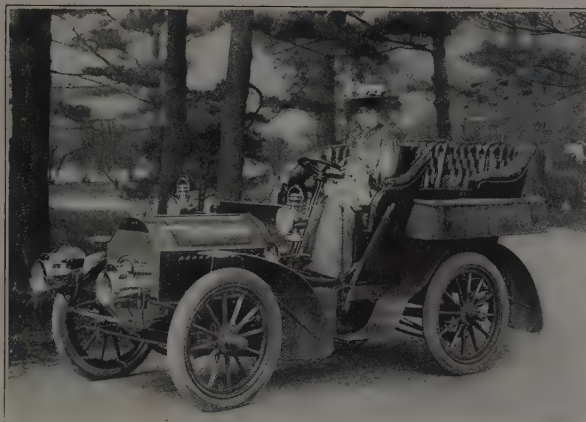
Byron, N. Y.

Virginia Harned, who is seen here with Miss Louise Drew riding in an Electric Vehicle company's Victoria, declares it is as good as a mountain climb.





Julia Marlowe manages her runabout as easily as she wins her audiences



Frances Belmont of Charles Hawtrey's company enjoying a run in her Locomobile

fair hands. Miriam Falconer says it is as easy to manage her auto as to sing a song, and Hattie Williams, who is likewise an enthusiastic automobilist, says it is no harder to "get a laugh" than to run a machine, especially when fitted with the Hartford rubber tire. Here is Hattie Williams' own characteristic account of an auto ride:

"Pull the spigot! Chug! Chug! One—two—three—we're off! R-r-r-r-rush up Fifth Avenue! Swi-i-i-ish into Central Park! Ow wow! But may-be the trees don't flash by, and the statues! And the nurse girls! And the dowagers' easy equipages! We swallow up the road as we go! Talk about scenery! Richard Mansfield has no appetite in comparison. Maybe the breeze isn't bully! It tingles the cheeks and tickles the nostrils. Hurrah for the man that invented the blithe-some bubble! Now we're on Riverside Drive. Whee-ew! Isn't this great? A mile a minute? Don't mention it! Four miles a minute and as slick as a Coney Island toboggan! Fog a ballgaw! Clear

the road! What's that? A rough rider in pursuit? Open wide the spigot and let her sizzle. Wow! Wow! Wow! How we go! "Stop! Stop! Halt! Br-r-r-r-bl-l-lif-bluff-bling-chug! Che-ug! Cheee-ug! A policeman! Arrested! Oh, pshaw!"

Irene Bentley says, with her soft, Southern elision: "My auto behaves surprisingly sometimes, but a cah is not as unmanageable as a company."

"There is nothing," adds Miss Bentley, "that I enjoy more than a spin in my automobile; but it is at its best early in the morning and along a fine stretch of country road. I care less about it in the city, even in the parks. Most of my automobiling is done in the country, and my favorite time is an hour before breakfast. There is something so exhilarating in the morning air. I admit that I was a little afraid of my first machine. It was so rampant and incomprehensible.

But I have a larger one now, which will hold more than two, and that alone delights me, for I am fond of a jolly party. I



May de Sousa declares automobiling the food of health



Mabelle Rowland of the "Wang" company knows better than the policeman what speed she is making, thanks to her Jones Speedometer.



Byron, N. Y.

Hattie Williams making time in her machine





Marie Cahill loves to turn corners on two wheels

absolutely certain the car was about to turn over, and with difficulty swallowed a shriek. Now-a-days I like to turn a corner on two wheels. The faster one drives the more danger, and the more danger, the greater exhilaration. I like the noisiest machines, because at full speed, with the dust and the ground streaking by, the whir of the wheels and the pounding machinery—all lend to the excitement. One day I asked a chauffeur why the big red cars were so noisy, and he said it was because they sometimes drank too much much gasoline. Perhaps the man was once a 'comic.'

Maxine Elliott, who drives an Incomparable White, has this to say of automobiling:

"Automobiling serves two purposes. It is both stimulant and sedative, according to the particular need of the motorist. If sluggish, a spin in the car will act as a mental and nervous spur. If overwrought and ragged as to nerves, it will soothe. But while I like motoring, I hate scorching, and it is no trial for me to keep within the limit of the law."

"Do I like motoring?" asks Flora Zabelle. "What healthy, strong-minded girl doesn't? I must confess at first I was loathe to try it. The

certainly consider the automobile an excellent antidote for the wear and tear of the footlights."

Marie Cahill is a dauntless autoist. "The element of danger," she says, "is essential to the enjoyment of any outdoor sport, and because this is so, motoring has become popular. I rode over a thousand miles in an automobile before I could sit naturally while turning a corner. The first curve I ever made in an auto I felt

machine looked formidable, but once in, the problem was, will she ever get out? I like to go as fast as the machine will allow—I love to feel the wind against my cheeks. I don't care so much about the surrounding scenery, or the persons with me—it's simply the fact that I am traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Oh! it's glorious. I owe some of my happiest hours to the automobile."

May De Sousa, prima donna of the "Wizard of Oz" Company, becomes poetic in her enthusiasm for the automobile. She says:

"Sunshine delights the soul and platonically thrills its tenelement of clay. When you run the heart beats faster than when you walk, and it is good for the physique, but loll on the padded seat of an automobile, rushing through Central Park, cutting a bloodless gash in the sunlight, and the exhilaration is without weariness, the backward flight of the arboreal decorations thrill the mind through the eye, and the whole feminine composition, both physical and mental, draws the radium of cheerfulness from the enveloping sunlight, the pleasing green, flitting, flitting. Automobiling is the food of health, I say, so, roll on, chauffeur, and mind the curves!"



Eleven members of the "Silver Slipper" company in a White touring car at the entrance of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

## THE MAN BEHIND THE PLAY

**I**N dark November's fateful days

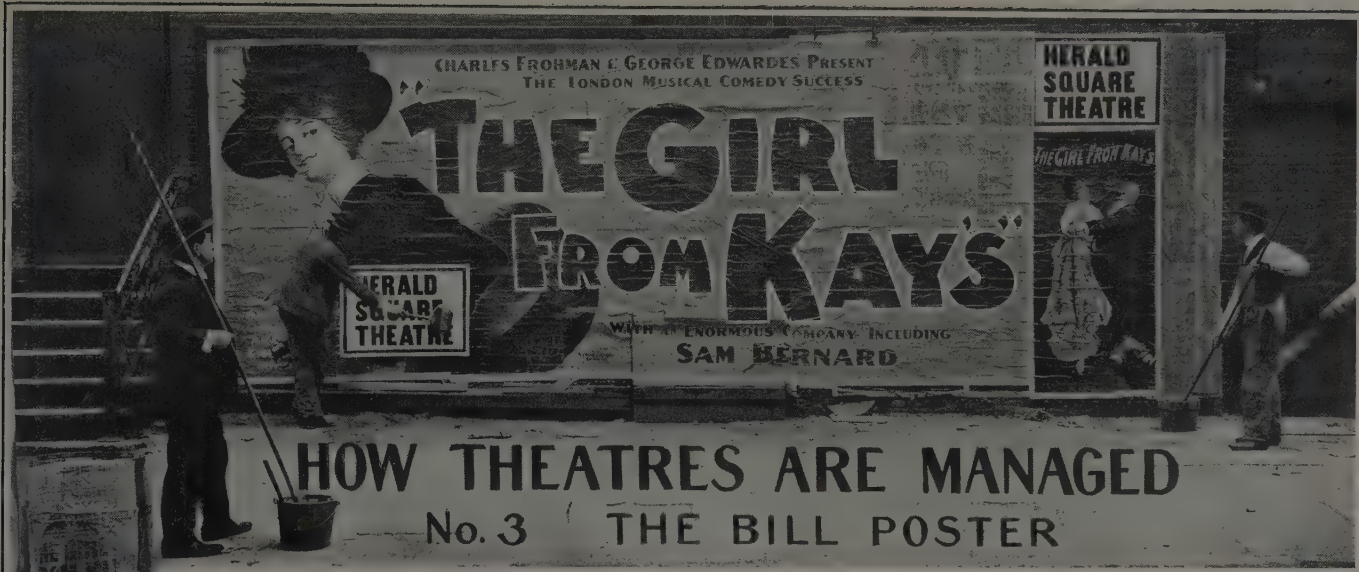
With eagerness we note  
The wisdom, or the folly,  
Of the Man Behind the Vote.  
The toiling Man behind the Hoe  
Our sympathy has won;  
We've cheered the skill and courage  
Of the Man behind the Gun;  
We've fought in many quarrels  
Over Santiago Bay—  
Let us twine a wreath of laurels  
For the Man behind the Play.

Who toils to turn his every thought  
To sparkling dialogue  
Then sees them take his masterpiece  
And try it on a dog?  
Who changes acts to satisfy  
The leading lady's whim,  
And cuts his finest speeches out  
To gain the gallery's grin,  
And sometimes gets one curtain call,  
Sometimes a small bouquet?  
Who but the author of it all—  
The Man behind the Play.

The critics' phrases are the same  
From Portland to Detroit.  
They've saddened every playwright's heart,  
From Shakespeare down to Hoyt.  
"It's faulty in construction,"  
"Conventional in plot,"  
"An adaptation from the French."  
They make him curse his lot.  
What though the author may survive  
To write another day?  
Who ever asks if he's alive,  
The Man who wrote the Play?

When next you pass a happy hour  
Within the playhouse walls,  
Until between you and the stage  
The painted curtain falls—  
The orchestra is silent, and  
The lights are growing dim—  
Then linger in the door and give  
One little thought to him.  
He makes our darkest days seem bright,  
He drives our cares away.  
Come, drink a toast to him to-night—  
The Man behind the Play. CECIL CAVENDISH.





## HOW THEATRES ARE MANAGED

### No. 3 THE BILL POSTER

Photos by Byron, N. Y.

Putting up a "stand" in New York City

**I**N every branch of the theatrical business there are two essentials—production and publicity. One is necessary to the other.

No matter how hard a manager may work, no matter how arduously an artist may toil, no matter how great the expenditure of money on stage and costume, the public must be told about it.

This is a very busy and preoccupied world. The personal attention of almost everybody is closely concentrated on some one thing. He who would break into this concentration must either have something that is indispensable or he must make a loud noise. The great public that hurries along day after day is not easily attracted, and no one else in the world knows this better than the showman. He realizes that in nearly every human "make-up" there is an inborn desire for theatrical amusement. Knowing this, it is then his first thought to bring before these people in a forcible way what he has to offer. From time immemorial some device has been employed to attract the attention of the multitude. In ancient times it was the blowing of a horn or the beating of a drum. To-day it is the advertising columns of the newspapers and the display of pictures and printed matter wherever the eye is likely to be directed.

The theatrical manager has two ways of addressing the people—first in the newspapers and secondly on the walls, specially erected boards, barrels, boxes, and any obstacle that will hold a bill. In one he speaks quietly, in the others, by the emphasis of gay colors and big type, he cries aloud. The whole idea of bill-posting is based upon the time-worn, but still truthful, adage, "He who runs may read." And that this method of

advertising is effective may be found in the fact that, though it is the original method of the showman, almost every well-heralded specific or commodity has also sought the billboards as a medium of presentation to the people who have money to spend.

Every theatre has its advertising man. The term might suggest that he attends to the newspaper advertising, but he does not. His business is with paste and billboards, not type and line measurements. In other words, he is a bill-poster—the term, "advertising man," only pleases his vanity, and therefore it exists. It is his duty to see that every attraction is well represented along the streets, and in the windows by the means of large and small bills, frames of photographs, cards, pictures, and other devices that will arrest and perhaps hold public attention. This is the main idea of his employment, but competition has added much to this. In New York, for instance, where there is a chain of houses under one management, there is a chief advertising man, who has under his control from ten to twenty men, who are constantly employed in posting bills. In this city there are about 300 bill-posters employed during the show season. They are an organized body with governing rules, and the outsider who comes here for work

finds a good initiative fee for membership in the union as his first barrier.

As soon as a play is placed in rehearsal, its manager orders the "wall printing." This is in various sizes, from the large stands (printed in sheets and put together by the posters) down to the smaller half sheets used on boxes and barrels and the narrow slips, or "snipes," that are pasted on fences or anything along a thoroughfare. All of this is sent to the bill-



Byron, N. Y.

Posters of small bills starting out from headquarters to "cover" uptown locations





Byron, N. Y.

The bill-room of the Charles Frohman's theatres

room of the theatre where the play is to be presented, and here the advertising man and his assistants "lay it out." This process consists in assorting the various sizes and arranging them for the different routes the posters will take in their task of "billing the show." Every city has some principal bill-posting corporation that controls the best locations. This work is done by contract, and a certain amount of paper, mostly "stands" of 24 and 28 sheets, is sent to this company for its men to put out. The advertising agent keeps the smaller bills for himself and his assistants.

The cost of this printing and the posting of it make an enormous item in the conduct of a large theatrical concern. The bill-posters connected with the theatre are paid weekly salaries, while that done outside is charged—for most cities—at the rate of three cents a sheet. Some idea of this expense can be gained when one figures the cost of printing one of the large 28-sheet stands at a price ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50, while the posting concern gets 84 cents for posting it. Then if it rains the next day and the wall is stripped, the same operation must be repeated. But it is the bill-poster with the sack of small bills swung across his shoulder and with bucket and brush who does the work often most conspicuous. No smooth surface that will hold a bill ever misses his eye. The sign, "Post No Bills," does not always terrorize him, for he has been known to post his bill over the warning.

The subway fence along portions of Broad-

way and other crowded thoroughfares was a happy hunting ground for the bill-posters. The boards that kept the passers-by from falling in were continual temptation to the man with the brush, who had a stack of those little bills to post which in red and yellow announced somebody or something's success. Watchmen, rules, law, police, persuasion, and clubs were of no avail; the fence was used until it came down. And in the memory of the bill-poster, "sniping the subway" will always be held in affectionate regard.

A boss bill-poster for a number of theatres has the city divided into districts, that is, as much of it as his men will cover. His men report in the morning, are given their bills and start out. Others during the day paste the one and half-sheet bills on boards which are sent out by wagon on Saturday night.

Let a bill-poster find a good location, and it will be covered ten minutes after it is located. A bill-poster's eyes are always open for buildings about to be razed. As soon as the tenants are out he attacks it with his men and it is a mass of lithographic colors long before the tearing-down process is planned. There is not a barrel or a box that he will ever miss, a water main lying on the street—anything that will hold his bill.

It is told of a bill-poster who had been in bad repute for not doing good work, that he started out to reclaim his lost reputation. With a wagon filled with bills he drove almost the length of the city, leaving in his wake a line of posted information for prospective ticket buyers. He missed nothing that would hold a bill. Finally his horse fell from sheer exhaustion, and failing to recover died a peaceful death on the street. The poster backed his wagon into an alley and then returned and looked sorrowfully at the stilled form of the faithful horse. Silently he gazed for a moment, and perhaps he dropped a tear, and then, taking from his bag four of his most attractive half sheets, he pasted them on the carcass of the animal and went his way.

WELLS HAWKS.



Byron, N. Y.

A hole in the street offers many opportunities to the enterprising bill-poster, water mains, barrels and everything else offering a surface being covered with the multi-colored bills.





From "L'Art du Théâtre"

The Famous "Eternal and Tragic" Wall of the old Roman Theatre, at Orange, France

This is the famous theatre wall of which Jean Aicard, the French novelist, wrote: "The Wall no longer belongs to the century which built it, it is eternal and tragic." Alone among all the antique theatres, the back wall of the stage of the theatre of Orange has been preserved intact. The wall is about 120 feet high by about 310 feet long and is about 12 feet thick. It is lacking only in decorative coverings. The semi-circular part in front, intended for the audience, was in a state of complete ruin, previous to its restoration in 1928. Sarah Bernhardt, Mounet-Sully and other celebrated French actors make an annual pilgrimage to this old world stage and perform "Phèdre," "Oedipus Rex" and other classic plays on its boards. The picture shows the artists rehearsing.

## The Famous Open Air Theatres of France

IN no country in the world does the theatre hold so important a place as it does in France. In no other country can be traced a theatrical evolution so rich in artistic value and interest. Gambetta's picturesque phrase, *on ne bat pas contre Paris* (one does not fight Paris), was meant politically, but it can readily be applied in an artistic sense. Nor is it either correct or just to assert that Paris patronizes only her native drama, knowing and caring little for the dramatic art of other countries. Of such narrow provincialism as this Lutetia is certainly not guilty. Duse the Italian, Sorma the German, Sadi Yacco the Japanese, Wiehe the Swede, Booumeester the Dutchman, and many other foreign artists, have triumphed in Paris with their respective companies, and the English, Spanish, and Norwegian drama have influenced French dramatic art in an appreciable degree.

But to the American tourist, perhaps the most novel and interesting of all the various demonstrations of the drama in France is to be found in a visit to the great open-air theatres in the Southern provinces, which in size, grandeur, and interest of historic associations are equalled nowhere else in the world. These theatres must not be confused with the petty and temporary stages set up by strolling players at the various village fairs. They are, on the contrary, large, permanent theatres, modelled upon the antique theatres of Greece and Rome. In fact, two of them trace their origin directly to those classic periods and occupy the same site and building as when the theatre flourished in the days of the Cæsars.

Chief among these open-air theatres are those at Orange, Bé-

ziers, Cauterets, Mothe Saint-Heraye and Nîmes. Of these, the old Roman theatre at Orange, with the venerable and tragic beauty of its ruins, is the most important, as it is the only theatre in the world that has resisted the ravages of time. This theatre, which Louis XIV. called the *finest wall in his kingdom*, dates back to the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. It stands on a hill overlooking the Rhone Valley, and its gigantic walls dominate the entire city of Orange. It is constructed in the purest style of Greek art, and the façade and walls of the stage are completely preserved. The auditorium, or tiers of seats for the spectators, accommodates no fewer than 42,000 persons, and its famous stage wall, "eternal and tragic," rises to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

The chief merit of these colossal open-air theatres, and which explains their present-day exploitation, is that they permit of the reproduction of ancient works under the same conditions for which they were written. Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, and other Greek dramatists, wrote for those enormous magnitudes of stone which could accommodate at one time the whole theatre-going population of

a city, and where the audience could be influenced by the sweep of majestic lines. If the gods were invoked by the protagonist or the chorus, their very presence was felt by those who looked on and wondered. The winds that bore aloft the echo of the hymn of victory in honor of Apollo bore also the unspoken prayers of their own hearts. And these winds that swept in ancient times from the Bay of Salamis over the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens, sweep to-day over the famous old theatres



From L'Art du Théâtre

Christ comes to visit Mary of Magdala

Open air performance of "Mary of Magdala" at La Mothe Saint-Heraye.



in the South of France.

The first modern performance in the old Roman theatre at Orange occurred in 1869. "Joseph," an opera by Méhul, was then produced. Later, two provençal dramatic societies were instrumental in arousing public interest in the classic theatre, and about ten years ago the French Chamber of Deputies voted a large sum for the restoration of the antique stage. "Norma," "l'Empereur d'Arles," "Oedipe Roi," Rossini's "Moïse," "Antigone," "Pesudolus," "Alkestis," Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "le Réserviste," and other plays have since been presented there on different occasions. For some time, too, it has been the custom for certain members of the Comédie Française to act there every summer—Mlle. Wanda de Boncza, Mme. Segond-Weber, Coquelin *cadet*, Mounet-Sully, Jacques Fenoux, and others.

Last summer the season at Orange was a memorable one and caused much comment in artistic circles. It was inaugurated by Gluck's "Orphée," followed by Sarah Bernhardt in Racine's "Phèdre," and "La Légende du Cœur," by M. Jean Aicard. Then came "Horace," admirably acted by Mme. Segond-Weber and Mounet-Sully, "Oedipe et le Sphinx" of M. Péladin, "Citharis" of M. Alexis Mouzin, and "Iphigénie" of M. Jean Moréas. The success of "La Légende du Cœur" was brilliant. The *mise en scène* was fittingly appropriate, for the action of the play takes place not far from Orange, at the end of the twelfth century, that golden age of lyric poetry when women held particular rank in provençal society. The verse of the play is sonorous like the *mistral* and limpid like the sun of Provence. The Theatre of Orange will never divorce Greek

comedy, nor Corneille nor Racine. It will welcome, without doubt, Victor Hugo, and later Shakespeare. But its real destiny is to create, in Provence and beyond, a great French *Midi*, enamoured of its majestic ruins and of the sun which gilds them.

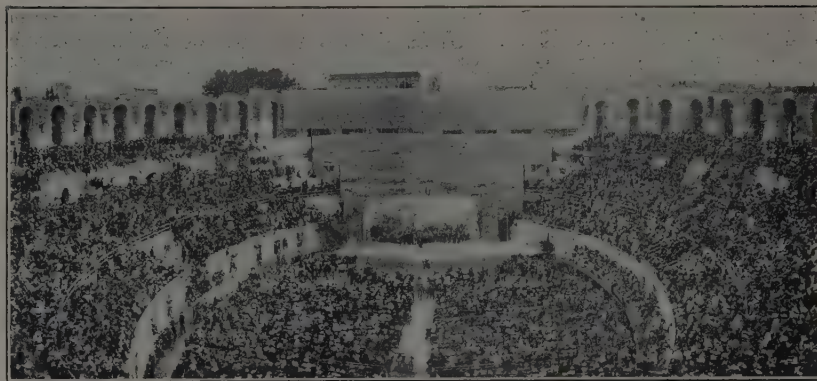
The marks of centuries rest lightly

upon Orange. Time that levels all things has spared this relic of Roman days. Yet France boasts other open-air theatres, less ancient it is true, but dedicated to the same noble purposes. There is Béziers lying upon the Orb and the canal of the *Midi*, and proud of its ancient name—Biterro Septimanorum. The Arènes de Béziers is a modern open-air theatre. Still, the annual *fêtes* held there are signalized by much enthusiasm. To the production of "Parysatis" and "Déjanir" there this year, Mme. Segond-Weber lent the wonderful range of her voice and the grace of her diction.

Cauterets, too, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, boasts its open-air theatre, which is a natural stage commanded by a hill. Last August, from these mountain heights the bold lines of "Oedipe Roi" rang out to the valleys as only Mounet-Sully can declaim them. But the air does not always resound with the throb of passion. It sometimes sings. Thus following the struggle of the Greek drama came the graceful airs of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Again there is La Mothe Saint-Heraye, with its charming theatre enclosed by a natural frame of verdure. The verses of Marie de Magdala, which were delivered there this year, were in keeping with the witchery of this sylvan green. The amphitheatre of Nîmes has been remodelled and was inaugurated last July.

F. P. DELGADO.



From Le Théâtre

OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE AT ARLES-SUR-RHÔNE



From Le Théâtre

Open Air Performances of the Lyric Drama "Prometheus" at Béziers

The fine effect of the music and voices in this rocky region may be imagined



# Scenes from "Tit for Tat" at the Savoy



Hall  
**EMILE DE FAVROLLE**  
 (Joseph Kilgour)  
**GILBERTE**  
 (Bessie Tyree)  
 Gilberte refuses to show the letter to Emile



Hall  
**HELENE**  
 (Elizabeth Emmett)  
 Emile attempts to capture the letter



Hall  
**GILBERTE** (Miss Tyree)  
 Gilberte unexpectedly meets the transformed husband (Leo Ditrichstein)





Photo by Rudolf Eickemeyer MISS CORINNE PARKER  
As Marcella in Richard Mansfield's production of "A Parisian Romance"

## Recent Noteworthy German Plays

WHILE the past season's output of plays in Germany brought to light no drama worthy to be ranked in the same class as Sudermann's "Magda" or Hauptmann's "Weavers," several pieces met with sufficient popular success to call for notice, if only for the purpose of record. First among these must be mentioned the military drama, "Zapfenstreich" (Tattoo), by Beyerlein, and which New Yorkers had an opportunity of seeing at the Irving Place Theatre. In a sense, the play is an arraignment of militarism, but it is free from such deliberate exposition of purpose as is manifested in Tolstoi's "Resurrection. It is a tragedy, but it is diversified by the saving grace of humor. The daughter of an old and respected sergeant is in love with a young, irresponsible lieutenant, whose relation to her is discovered by the discarded suitor of her own class, the drama culminating in the shooting of the girl instead of the seducer by the father. This sombre theme the author has handled in a masterly manner. Especially admirable is the court-martial scene, in which the catastrophe pitilessly, inevitably develops.

Allied in subject, but far removed in treatment, is "Rose Bernd," the latest drama from the pen of Gerhard Hauptmann. As with all of this author's best work, this play, too, deals with the life of the peasant class. Rose Bernd is of lowly birth, and the tragedy grows out of her liaison with a young magnate of the neighborhood. But with a frankness impossible on the English-speaking stage, and equally far removed

from Goethe's poetic treatment of Gretchen, Hauptmann ruthlessly lays bare the peasant's indifference to formal morality, and leads us to seek the cause of Rose's eventual disaster and infanticide rather in her own character than in the social disapproval which follows a lapse from virtue in a more advanced civilization. Needless to say, this theme is worked out with richness of detail and fine exposition of character.

Of very different calibre from the foregoing is "Novella d'Andrea," the drama with which Ludwig Fulda this year made his appeal to public favor. The germ of the story he has taken from a legend according to which a woman, young, learned and beautiful as Hypatia, expounded the Roman law in the 14th century at the celebrated university of Bologna. About this theme the author has constructed a poetic and successful play, replete with humor and dramatic quality. Clever dramatist that he is, however, Fulda fails here, as always, to impress his hearers with the sense of inevitableness, of breadth and ripeness of experience.

Under the Low German title of "Waterkant," meaning seashore, or water's edge, Richard Skowronnek has produced a successful and picturesque play. It is the drama of a soul under a strong emotion dissociated in a measure from the surrounding life of its fellows. This subjectively tragic condition has been produced in the life of the hero through the rendering to his widowed mother of a promise to renounce the sea and its enticements, although he knows that only on the water can he find that freedom and scope necessary to his moral and mental well-being. It is in the development of this struggle that the play consists; but so cleverly and sympathetically are the secondary characters of the drama presented that they almost usurp first place in the hearer's interest.

German dramatic taste is catholic, but art is regarded seriously; hence the bann against the merely meretricious despite the greatest liberty of subject and treatment. No play illustrates this better than "Evelgeist" (The Earth-spirit), by F. Wedekind, and recently produced in Berlin with notable success. Outwardly, the drama is realistic in the extreme, but beneath all is a symbol which stimulates to a pondering of human problems. The heroine is a beautiful, soulless, snake-like woman who fascinates men to their undoing and who doubtless symbolizes the elemental sex attraction.

W. W. WHITELOCK.



From the Tatler

THE NEW MAXIM FLYING MACHINE

This is the latest amusement novelty and is supposed to give the same sensation as sailing through the air in a real airship. It is built on the principle of the old fashioned merry-go-round, but it turns with such velocity that the cars are forced out to an angle of 35 degrees. One of these machines is to be in operation at Coney Island this Summer.



# Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

PART III\*



JULIA WEMPLE

WE went first to a theatrical boarding-house on Thirty-fourth street, where Rachel had stayed before. It was full of "professionals," and during meals they all talked "shop"—the business prospects for the coming year, who was engaged and by whom, the salaries they were supposed to get and those they really received. Theatre, theatre, nothing but theatre! Yet it was more meat and drink to me than the food I consumed.

I was very much surprised to learn from some of these conversations that many of the actors and actresses whom I had thought very fine and the representative people of their profession were, in reality, quite mediocre and commonplace, and had only attained their high position by some fortunate chance, instead of by hard work or ability. But,

then, most of my knowledge of things theatrical was obtained from what I had read. Naturally, these people being actors themselves, must be better judges.

As soon as we were settled at the boarding-house, Rachel decided that, before calling on any manager, I must have some new clothes. So that afternoon we went shopping.

We went to one of those heavenly shops on Twenty-third street, where you can buy anything from a pair of stockings to an incubator. Rachel selected two complete outfits for me—one, a very grown-up sort of dress, with a plumed hat and high-heeled shoes, while the other was a very child-like affair, with a simple, broad-brimmed hat and shoes with flat heels.

Rachel explained that when one goes to look for an engagement one must "make up" for it just as you would for a part. For example, if I went to seek a leading part, I was to wear the grown-up costume, which would make me look taller and older. But if the desired engagement was an ingenue or soubrette, the other dress would add to my youth.

Personally I was aghast at the hole this expenditure had made in my savings, but Rachel insisted that to be well-dressed was half the battle.

"Clothes are part of the tools of our trade," she argued. "You may be hungry, but you must never be shabby."

The next day we opened our campaign by going to a dramatic agency, which is the name given to the intelligence offices used by actors. This particular agency was a grimy office, the walls of which were partly covered with photographs, and, judging from the various styles of dress displayed in the pictures, it must have been a collection of twenty years. Hanging about, neatly framed, were such friendly notices as these:

"Don't ask me for an engagement. If I want you, I'll send for you."

"Don't ask for stamps unless you have the money to pay for them."

"Time is money, so if you want to talk, come before 9 A. M."

"Every day is my busy day."

"I have troubles of my own," etc. etc.

I had read only a few of these cheerful legends when the door of a room marked "Private" opened, and a man hustled a lady out.

He threw a glance around at the waiting people, and, addressing nobody in particular, said gruffly:

"There's nothing to-day."

Then, as all got up to go, he singled out one of the actors and said:

"Come in to-morrow, Conway. I may have something for you."

The actor nodded, his face brightening at the ray of hope held out, and made his exit, followed by the others.

Mr. Sykes, the agent, then saw Rachel.

"Oh, how de do, Miss Milford. Why didn't you come in yesterday? Had something which would just have suited you."

"I only got in yesterday," answered Rachel.

"That's no excuse, my dear," said the agent. "It's Johnny-on-the-spot that catches the early worm."

"I only stopped in to-day to introduce my friend, Miss Wemple. Can you do anything for her?"

He looked past me as if I were not present as he said:

"I've more people on my books now than I can possibly take care of, but let her come in to-morrow before nine and I'll talk to her."

His manner was so odiously gruff that I felt like running behind Rachel and hiding. When we reached the street I heaved a sigh.

"What a bear!" I exclaimed.

"Why, he was like a cooing dove in comparison to what he is sometimes," said Rachel. "Did you notice his toupee?"

"His what?"

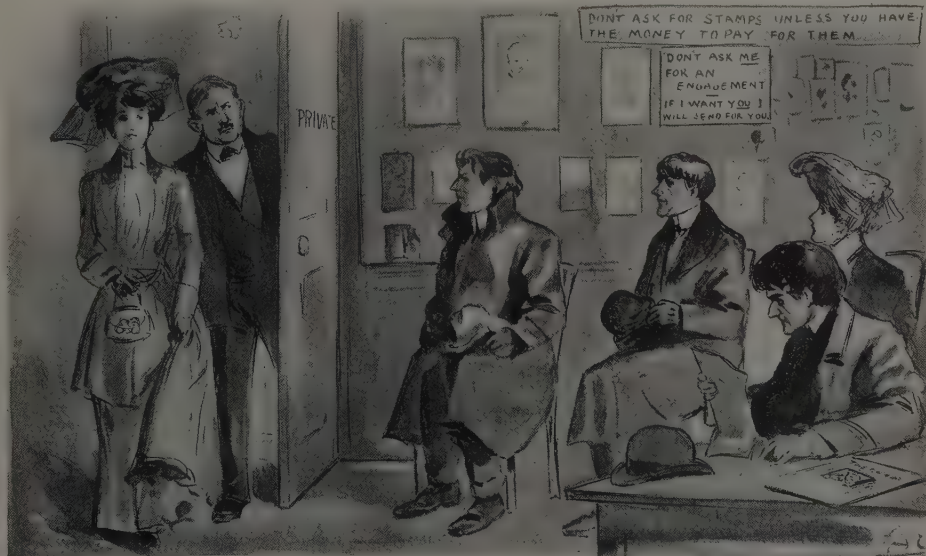
"His toupee. He's bald, you know, and always wears a toupee when he wants to dress up, or if he has anything he thinks important on hand. On ordinary occasions, he goes around quite negligee in his bald head."

I thought at first that this was one of Rachel's jokes, but found out later that her information was based on close observation. We went from one agency to another, Rachel introducing me everywhere. They were all very much alike, varying in furnishings, photographs, and look of prosperity. The sympathetic welcome given the engagement-seeking actor—on whom these agents live—was about as cordial in them all.

In some places they gave me little printed slips with all sorts of questions on them: Your age, weight, height, salary, amount of experience, what companies you have been with and length of time with each, etc. I suppose they keep these on file as a means of identification in case any one should ask for you, for after acknowledging Rachel's introduction, none of the agents ever again appeared to be aware of my existence.

Mr. Cranton had sent me a letter of introduction to a very powerful manager, so I went to his office one morning very early. Rachel insisted he would not be there at that hour, but she was mistaken. I sent in the letter and was admitted to his presence. I could hardly realize that I was seeing so important a person. I had been cultivating my intuitions under Rachel's guidance, and he made me think of a billiard ball, he was so round and fair and smooth. He seemed genuinely fond of Mr. Cranton, said he would do anything he could to oblige him, but there was nothing open. However, he would give me a note to Mrs. Hemingway, the agent; she might know of something.

I presented the note to Mrs. Hemingway. She read it, but seemed very dubious, although she invited me to come in again in a few days. I went in again, three days later. Mrs. Hemingway was seated at her desk, quite alone. I stood at the railing which separated her part of the



From a drawing by Pal

The door of a room marked "Private" opened, and a man hustled a lady out



office from the common actor-folk. I waited. I felt like a prisoner at the bar of justice. Mrs. Hemingway might have been blind for all the evidence she gave of being aware that I was standing there; yet I was the only person in the office. She continued to gaze into space until she reminded me of a female Buddha. I became more angry each minute, but I made up my mind I would keep it up as long as she did. She kept her eyes steadily fixed on nothing, and I glared silently and unseemingly at her. Finally she recalled herself sufficiently to signify that she saw me. I choked out:

"You will remember I presented you with a note from Mr. Tenny the other day."

"Oh yes, so you did. I've nothing now. Come in again."

After that, whenever I entered Mrs. Hemingway's office she always saw me and said, "Good morning, Miss Wemple. Nothing to-day."

That was the extent of our business negotiations, although I went there at intervals all through that long, hot summer.

In the meantime, in the interval of seeking an engagement, Rachel had found a flat, or rather rooms, in a superior kind of tenement house. Rachel was engaged to be married to three young men. She said she had not the heart to say no to any of them, so she had accepted them all and trusted to fate to adjust matters, as she had no intention of marrying any of them. The father of one of the fiancés was a big contractor, and when he heard of the flat, he offered us, through Tim, his son, a lot of old furniture which they had used to furnish a shanty up in New York State, where they had had a big job. Rachel accepted, and, having ideas about furnishings and color schemes, she painted everything a pale blue. This was in a way quite an inspiration, for, as time went on and neither of us had any prospect of work, the color of the furniture and the moods of the occupants of the flat were all one hue, blue, only the furniture was not of so deep an indigo as we became.

Our housekeeping was very uncertain. We got our own breakfasts, then, as our funds were running low, we cut out luncheon. Dinners we cooked, or we went to cheap restaurants.

The fiancés would ask us out to dinner in turn, which was a big saving. Really the way Rachel managed those fiancés was masterly; they rarely met, or, if they did, Rachel's manner was such that each never suspected the other had any claim upon her.

When we were too tired to cook, we had recourse to the delicatessen shop and dined on baked beans, lemon meringue pie and stewed prunes.

I had hunted up an old friend of Aunt Nan's, Mrs. Siegrist. She and her husband lived in a lovely apartment, such a contrast to our miserable attempt at housekeeping. The Siegrists were intensely interested in our getting on. I think Mrs. Siegrist suspected we were not properly fed, for she was always inviting us to luncheon, or dinner.

I met a lady at her house one day. She was beautifully dressed, but very languid and patronizing. However, she was interested enough to give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Grouse, the well-known stage director. She had known him at some summer resort, and "he was so nice." I found out where he was stopping and sent in the note. Word came that he would see me as soon as he had finished breakfast. I waited, and he soon appeared, but there was something about him that immediately

made me uncomfortable. Looking me over as if I was a prize calf, he asked me what I wanted.

I explained. He talked awhile, pleasantly enough. He was not staging anything just then, but surely such a pretty girl as I was would have no trouble in getting an engagement. He gave me a glance which made me long to get away. I thanked him and rose to go. He looked at his watch.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Have you been up to see Black?"

Black is an agent.

"Yes," I answered. "I've been to all the agents, but none of them notice me."

"Black is a friend of mine," he said. "He'll do anything I say, anything. I'll take you up there."

How kind of him! And I had been disliking him. How kind of him to take all that trouble for a girl whom he had never seen before!

On the way to Mr. Black's office, I chatted away all about nothing in the careless manner I had acquired from Rachel.

He called Mr. Black in a peremptory way, and explained his errand. Mr. Black looked astonished, then significant. Some men in the office laughed horridly.

Mr. Grouse turned to me and said: "That's all right. Mr. Black will fix you. Come and see him to-morrow."

As we went down stairs together, he took my arm and said:

"Now, my dear, suppose we go and have a nice little lunch somewhere?"

I pushed him away, more enraged at his offensive familiarity than at the invitation to lunch.

"Thank you," I said icily, "I do not go to restaurants with gentlemen I hardly know."

"Oh! is that so, my girl! Well, you'd better change your ideas if you want to get along in this business. Well, if you won't come, I must go."

He touched his hat in a mocking kind of way and walked off. Mortified beyond words, I stood still, not knowing where to go, when suddenly I heard some one call out:

"Hello! Judy!"

Looking up, I saw my blonde son. He asked sternly:

"Where is Miss Milford?"

"She had an appointment," I answered.

"What does she mean by allowing you to be seen on the street with that cad? How did you meet him?"

I told him.

"Never speak to him again," he said. He is a wonderful stage director, but no girl can be seen in public with him and keep her good name."

I was still shaking from my interview. Besides, I remembered Mr. Black and those men. I felt ghastly.

"There, there, Little Mother," he said, kindly. "Don't faint. You didn't know, and I felt sure you didn't, or I shouldn't have spoken as I did."

I tried to smile.

Mr. Heartwell smiled, too, and said laughingly:

"Won't you wish me joy, Mother? I'm to be married next week."

Rachel flashed into my mind, accompanied by a sensation of uneasiness.

"Certainly," I said; "I wish you tons of joy. You've been a good son, and I know you'll be a good husband."

We shook hands.

"You're taking a big risk in making a prophecy like that about an actor; but come and see your daughter-in-law when we get back."

He looked proud and happy as he strode off, and as I was still miser-

(Continued on page vii.)



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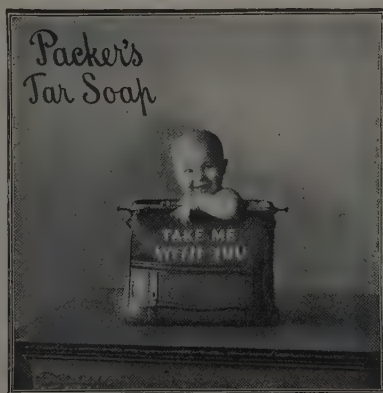
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Scene in the romantic opera "Womansia," by Archie E. Morrow, recently produced by the Clifton Wheelmen of Baltimore, at the Lyric Theatre in that city.

## THEATRICAL ODDS AND ENDS

THE Clifton Wheelmen, of Baltimore, hold a unique position among amateur theatrical organizations, and they claim to be the oldest, having been organized in 1889. Just fifteen years ago they made their first appearance before the theatre-going public, and since that time not a year has passed that has not seen at least one elaborate production by this now famous club. Originally organized as a bicycle club by thirteen well-known young Baltimoreans, they early developed the social and theatrical features that have made the club such a success. In 1897 they made an effort to produce an original comic opera in a professional manner, and succeeded so well that their performances of "Womansia," which were given on Dec. 1st and 2d, 1897, and Feb. 17th, 1898, are still spoken of as among the best amateur productions ever given in this country.



EDWARD J. MEEHAN  
Of the Clifton Wheelmen as  
Capt. Leonl in "A Corsi-  
can Legacy"

"Womansia" was the maiden effort of Archie E. Morrow, an enthusiastic member, who has been stage director of the club for over twelve years. Since their first success in opera the club has produced successfully, "Paris, 1900," "The Pirates," "The Isle of Fancy," "The King's Highway," and "A Corsican Legacy," all of which, except the last, were both written and staged by Mr. Morrow. This year, on June 8th, they will produce at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, a new and original comic

opera, and have planned to make it the most elaborate production ever given by amateurs in this country. Their success is due to unity of action and the thorough manner in which they produce their plays, having every particular detail looked after by a competent business staff, of which E. J. Meehan has for many years been the manager. The club has now over a hundred members, and many actors who have since met with great success were at one time members of this organization.

De Wolf Hopper was strolling down Broadway with his head high in the air, when he walked into an open coal hole on the east side of the thoroughfare between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. Only his right leg went down. When he pulled it forth he was shy half a yard of trousers and skin. Striking a thinking attitude while several curious pedestrians gazed at him, Hopper sprang this original joke:

"The lid is off." Then he limped away.

In a recent New York production a stately young woman, who had been promoted from a show girl to small parts, was given a dressing room with an actress well known for her love of books. One evening as they were "making-up," the show girl, endeavoring to be amiable in a way which she thought would appeal to her companion most, entered upon a discussion of current literature. Presently she asked: "Have you read that book they've dramatized, 'Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Something—oh, yes—Mrs. Wiggs of the Garbage Pile?'"

When Wright Lorimer closed his season at the Knickerbocker Theatre last month, it was generally understood that considerable "time" had been booked for next season, yet beyond taking the addresses of the members of his company, Mr. Lorimer said no word concerning his plans for the coming year. This caused considerable comment among the actors, until a bright young woman piped up hopefully: "Well, all Wrights are reserved, you know!"



"PURITY BRIGADE GIRLS"  
Who appeared in the comic opera "The King's Highway," by Archie E. Morrow, recently produced by the Clifton Wheelmen at the Academy of Music.

# WEBER PIANOS

Particular attention is directed to the latest creation of the Weber House,  
**The WEBER SMALL GRAND.**

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The indefatigable press agent is again busy. Here is his latest: "Among the curious exhibits at Dreamland is a sacred cow from India. This is a peculiar and rare exhibit. It is loaned to Mr. Bostock and must be returned by him to the sacred precincts of India within the next year, and he is under bonds for its safety. The cow is a mouse color and is without hair on any part of its body. It is tattooed, the work having been done by the priests of Buddha. Native attendants wait upon the sacred cow. Not even a fly is permitted to alight upon it, the attendants fanning it continually." We shall hear next that the Durbar elephants take a cocktail to give them courage before taking their slide down the chutes, and that Bostock's Bengal tiger has his royal mane put in curl papers each evening before retiring to rest.



## Confessions of a Stage-Struck Girl

(Continued from page 158.)

Over my morning's unpleasantness, I might I'd postpone going about any more that and go home.

I found Rachel ironing, for we even attempted to do our own laundry, and it was her turn. We had a box of some wonderful soap, "No rubbing required. Just soap the clothes and shake them dry." That soap firm will never receive a testimonial from either Rachel or me.

I related my experience. She was exasperated. "Really, Judy," she said, "you're worse than a wild cat."

"You should have told me; you knew I was going to see him," I retorted.

"If I'd told you, you would never have gone to see him, and we can't lose a chance now, Judy; we're so nearly at the end of our funds."

I met Herbert Heartwell," I said.

"Yes?" exclaimed Rachel, interested. "What the hey?"

"He is to be married next week."

I avoided looking at Rachel, but I knew she would soon hear of it.

"He ironed on in silence until I finished my wash, then, as I gathered up the dishes, she said: 'wonder who she is?'"

"I don't know," I answered, "he didn't mention her name."

"I'd like to know if she is a professional or one from home," she added.

"He invited me to meet her as soon as they return to town," I said.

"Was I included?" asked Rachel.

"No," I replied. I had not thought before how that was. Rachel asked no further questions. I went into our blue-enamel parlor and wrote a letter to Aunt Nan, telling her about the plays I had seen and the roof gardens, and about the dinners we had had with the fiancés. I had mentioned the dinners we went without. Suddenly Rachel called out:

"Judy, I've decided to go home."

"What!" I gasped.

"Yes; there's nothing going on here and won't be so I'm going home."

"How will you get there?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll pawn one or two of my engagement rings."

Rachel wore tokens of affection from each of her fiancés.

"Or," she added, "I'll borrow enough money from Tim. We'll sell the furniture and you can have whatever money it brings. You can hire a furnished room for a couple of weeks. Maybe by that time you'll have something to do. I'll stay here. I'll go mad. I'm going out now; I can finish the ironing."

I flung on her clothes and dashed out. I did not attempt to stop her nor to argue with her.

I saw she was in one of her most impossible moods. I felt driven to desperation, for I knew that suddenly as her resolve was made at going home that it was fixed. I grabbed my iron and ironed blindly, sprinkling the clothes with tears.

"What was I to do? Alone and penniless in New York. No money to get home, even if I wished to go, and my only friend forsaking me."

How foolish I had been to come, for a would-be genius is an uncertain quantity, even where her affections are required. One plan after another suggested itself to me and was abandoned. The awfulness of being absolutely without money! Suddenly I thought of Mrs. Siegrist, so I crossed and went to her house.

I was aghast at the dilemma I was in, and I did not understand why I was not more impatient with Rachel for her unreasonable conduct. Then she said:

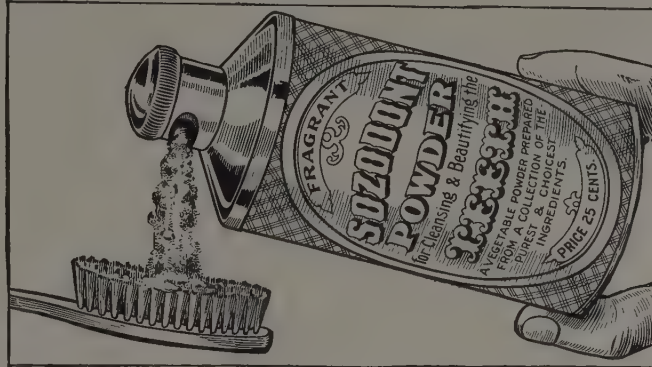
"My dear Julia, I am delighted, for now I can propose a scheme which I have long had in my mind. You must come and stay with me. I need a young companion."

I hope I thanked her properly. I know I felt as if I'd been saved from the poorhouse.

"What well-cooked, well-served dinner had a deal to do with restoring me to myself. I

(Continued next page.)

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(Continued from page vii.)

wondered where Rachel was, and pictured her wandered miserably around the streets, trying to walk off her unrest. I wish she could have some of the dinner, for she had not had anything more to eat than I had for a couple of days. In fact, we had not either of us had anything substantial for two days.

I returned to the flat considerably cheered. I found Rachel lying on the bed. She begged me not to light the gas, as it was so warm.

I told her of Mrs. Siegrist's offer. She patted my hand.

"You'll always land on your feet, Judy; your capacity for making friends will always help you."

I leaned down to kiss her, and felt that her face was all wet, then I knew why she did not want me to light the gas.

Next day we called in a second-hand dealer and sold the furniture. He was very nasty about the



MISS OLIVE SKINNER

Lately seen as Kate in "Way Down East"

color, said it was all very well to have blue chairs, but he could not see why we wanted to spoil a good walnut table. Maybe this was only *finesse*, in order to get the things cheaper. They went cheaply enough, anyhow. He only gave us eight dollars for the contents of the three rooms, and Rachel must have spent two dollars on paint alone. Rachel handed me every penny of the furniture money. She had seen Tim during the day and he had advanced her what she required for her journey.

I notified the others of her intended departure, and that night, escorted to her train by the entire contingent of fiancés and me, she left for her home in the West, while I was left in New York to battle on alone.

(To be continued.)

### Books Worth Reading.

James G. Huneker, the well-known critic, and author of "Melomaniacs" and "Mezzotints in Modern Music," has written a new volume of essays on musical subjects under the title, "Overtones: A Book of Temperaments." They deal with Richard Strauss, "Parsifal," Nietzsche, the rhapsodist; literary men who loved music—Turgeneff, Balzac, George Moore, Evelyn Innes and Sister Teresa; "Anarchs of Art," "The Beethoven of French Prose, Flaubert and his Art, the Two Salammbos"; "Verdi and Boto," "The Eternal Feminine," "After Wagner, What?" "The Caprice of the Musical Cat," "Wagner and the French," "Isolde and Tristan."

Maeterlinck's new book will bear the title, "The Double Garden." The contents will consist of pastorals dealing with flowers, bees, the dogs, etc., and philosophical essays. The titles of the latter are: "The Wrath of the Bee," "The Foretelling of the Future," "Field Flowers," "News of Spring," "Chrysanthemums," "Sincerity," "Universal Suffrage," "The Temple of Chance," "The Portrait of a Lady," "In Praise of the Sword," "Death and the Crown," "Old-Fashioned Flowers," "Modern Dramas," "The Death of the Dog," and "Motor Car Impressions."

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## Andrew the Croesus and David the Singer

The National Art Theatre Society gave its first anniversary dinner at Delmonico's on April 26. Two hundred members and guests were present, and speeches were made by J. I. C. Lee, Bronson Howard, Robt. T. Haines, C. Hartridge, F. F. Mackay, John Brissonier, and Emerson McMillan, the last-named being to be the first of one hundred gentlemen to subscribe \$25,000 towards the \$2,500,000 needed to endow the proposed art theatre. Bispham, who took a life membership on spot, related in the form of a Biblical parable a conversation that he had recently had with the new Carnegie on the subject of establishing endowed theatre in America. This amusing story ran as follows:

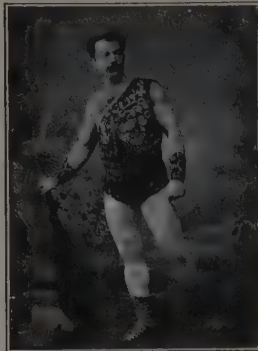
David, had traveled much and had seen the riches at Rome and at Athens, and had approved the judgment of Paris, and with a deep thought in his heart I journeyed to the land of Scotia, and on certain days in the hill country in the castle of Andrew the Rich, surnamed Croesus. Be it known that this same Andrew, though small of stature, is great of heart and of a giving hand, and here his heart prompteth his head off rule that his hand is stayed. And he entreated me to stay, and his house was as mine own. And on a propitious hour, when his thought turned to his youth, and memories of the theatre came back upon him, I made known unto him my desires, and I opened my life and spake unto

Andrew, thou hast flocks and herds and mansions and palaces; are not thy riches famed even to the ends of the earth? Thou art a man of wisdom and substance. Naught is impossible unto thee. Come now, therefore, be it known to thee that the New World crieth out for a new home for the Drama. Do thou, therefore, build a theatre, even a temple unto Thespis, unto naught the world hath seen before. Let me be the unbelieving daunt thee. Do thou even as thou hast done aforetime in the days of Greece and Rome, not for the shows of fights with men and beasts, nor alone for the presentment of the race of dancers, but for the elevation of the human mind, by the setting forth of all that is worthy in the Drama; from Socrates to the present, from the plays of the men of Gaul, even to those of the Goths, and to the works of the mighty men of Britain and of the present day. And do thou found thee a foundation upon the rock of the country of thine adoption, and it seemeth good in thy sight, secure it well with the rattle of it unto thy heart with bonds of steel." And Andrew pondered these sayings awhile in his heart, and then he spake:

David, in the present converse there is great delight, and in thy mind there is a mighty thought. Tell me now, I pray thee, how great a hast thou deemed should be paid for such work?" And I, David, answered and said:

Andrew, do thou apportion and set apart to this work ten million sesterii, and do thou counsel of such and such men, skilled in the arts, poets and professors and wise men of the world, and do thou form affiliations with the institutions of learning, both for men and women in the land of thine adoption, and do thou band together such of those whose business is drama, and take thou advice even to the creation of a true profession, whereat the men and maidens of our land of highest birth and station may be proud that they may know

(Continued on page x.)



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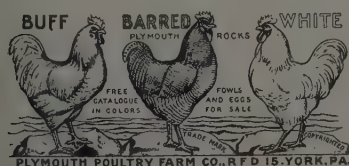
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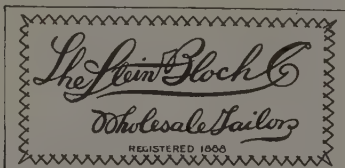
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(Continued from page ix.)

that there is more in life than meat and raiment and the playing of games and the heaping up of riches, and that the doors of the stage may at length be thrown open as the entrance to the paths of one of the highest of the fine arts, as a career as lofty as any others whose professors have hitherto looked down upon it." And Andrew answered and said:

"Verily, how noble a deed would this be, could there but be found the actors (who truly I believe exist not) who could worthily present the plays thou namest."

And then I showed unto him the names of these skilled in acting, and spake of the great ones of foreign lands, who would be bespoken to perform even upon the stage of the theatre which he had builded, and of the rising generation who would follow in the paths his wisdom had shown.

But Andrew questioned and looked on all sides, as is his wont, and said:

"If thou sayest truly, there be men who worthily present all plays, to whom shall they play them? For verily I perceive the audience to be lacking, nor do I believe it is in the heart of the people to interest themselves at all in this matter. Have I not builded an Hall and founded it in mine own name, and did not I place therein Walter the musician, and verily he piped, but the people danced not unto his piping, nor listed they unto his music in sufficient numbers, and my venture rewarded me not. Truly, in order that I should not lose, I builded me studios upon the building. Howbeit, continue; thine enthusiasm almost persuaded me." Then I enlarged and unfolded unto him all that was in my thought, and he strode to and fro within the hall, and his hands worked beneath his raiment behind him, and he spake in a low voice, as if unto himself, saying, "Of the making of books there is no end, and they shall not go houseless."

Yet he dwelt upon the thought, and after a time we crossed over and came unto the other side of the sea, and met again in the New World, and there I spake unto him further in the matter, and he took me up with him into his chariot, and I showed unto him the place where I would that the theatre be builded, and he said that if others were like-minded, and would join with him, he felt the edifice in my thought might even yet take form in marble and in brass, and I described unto him the wondrous library to be devoted to the special uses of the Institution of the Classic Theatre, and of the fame and the glory of his name which would go abroad throughout the world; and again he said:

"O, for thine enthusiasm! But hast thou not heard how it had been said by a wise man of old, 'Put not all thine eggs in one basket?' Verily my own word is better. I say unto the youth of this

(Continued on page xii.)

### OVERHEARD ON THE PIKE

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FOOT NOTE—The twain will be made one in June.



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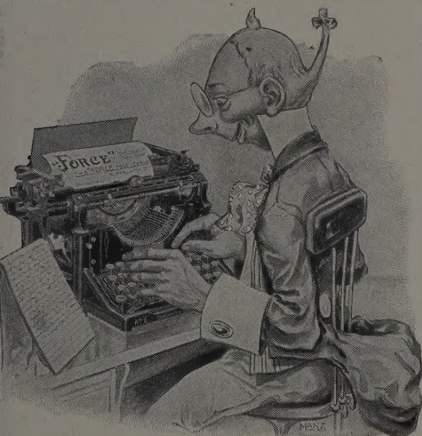
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## QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

W. B. P., New York.—She is now in Europe.  
G. R.—Address Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, New Amsterdam Theatre Building, New York City.

G. H. JONES.—French & Sons, 24 West 22d St., New York City.

J. V. B., New Orleans.—(1) Yes, in a great many cases. (2) No.

E. G., Detroit.—(1) No. (2) Address Messrs. Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre Building, New York City.

Mrs. D. K.—Mr. C. B. Dillingham, Broadway Theatre Building; Messrs. Wegenhals & Kemper, Broadway Theatre Building; Mr. Frank Perley, Knickerbocker Theatre Building, New York City.

B. H., Memphis, Tenn.—(1) He has closed his season. (2) She is now in England and will return to this country in the fall. (3) We do not know.

L. F. LORING.—The company has closed for this season. Will reorganize in September for the road and will visit your city about October.

T. L. V.—(1) She sailed for Europe several weeks ago. For information regarding the photographs address the publishers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Mrs. C. E. R.—(1) He returned to Europe several months ago. (2) That is his family name. (3) We cannot give you any particulars concerning his professional life.

K. K., New York City.—We cannot answer purely personal questions of this character.

EVELYN, Baltimore.—(1) We answered your former question in our March issue. (2) We will try to comply with your request. (3) We cannot say when the interviews will be published.

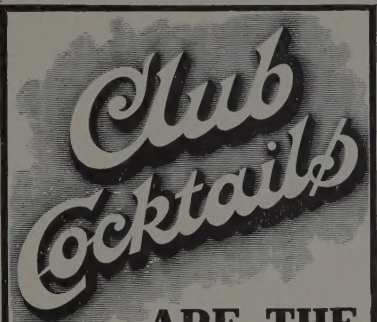
W. B., Milwaukee.—The only position you could get would be utility business for some stock company. The salary is about ten dollars a week.

BALTIMORE.—(1) He was born in Baltimore. (2) No. (3) She was his leading support. (4) He is not playing anywhere at present. Margaret Anglin was the last one. (5) Yes. (6) We may do so a little later.

A. J. G.—If you will send your name and address to the publishers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, they will be pleased to give you the information you desire.

H. L., Fall River.—He left the paper mentioned some time ago, and is now devoting himself to literary work.

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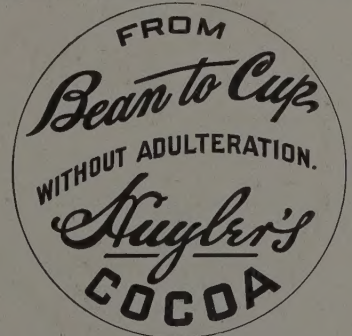
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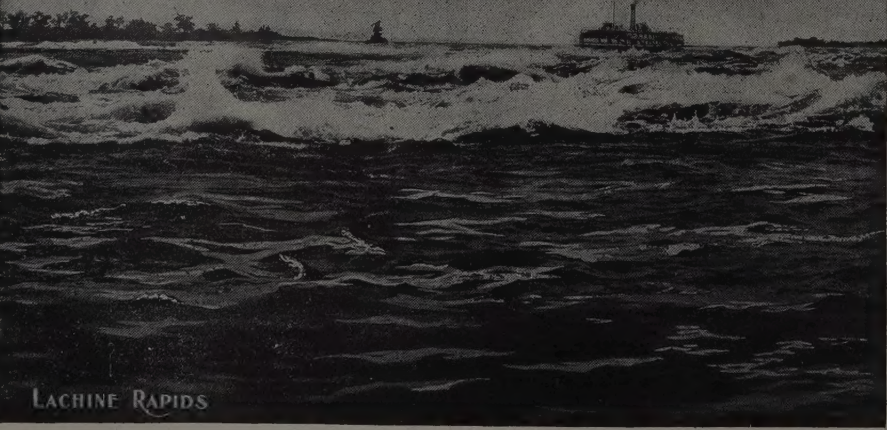
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LACHINE RAPIDS

(Continued from page x.)

generation, 'Dissipate not your energies in various pursuits; put all your eggs in one basket; put them there, I say, and watch the basket.' Verily, the riches of my basket have increased and multiplied by reason of my years of watching. Truly I have not sufficiently considered all this, this fascinating proposal. Howbeit, had I thine enthusiasm, I would move the world."

And I departed, saying unto him that I would bring a plan for the building of the theatre, and he fixed a day to see the same, and I took counsel of a great architect, who made me certain drawings, and I went and sat at meat with Andrew in his own house, wotting not that one of his kinsmen there was also a builder of edifices, and after we had broken bread, Andrew called for the plans, and marvelled at the dignity and beauty of the art of the great architect who had conceived them, when turning to his kinsman, he said unto me:

"If thou wilt have *this young man* to build me the theatre, lo, I will have my purse bearer to pay unto thee ten million sestertii."

Whereat his wife and those who stood by greatly rejoiced, but I departed with mingled feelings in my heart, and sought out the architect who had drawn for me the plans and told him of what had befallen, and he smote his thigh and said:

"By all the gods, let it be so! I care not who the builder be, if so thy servant supervise the work. Thy thought is so mighty that it shall take shape and grow, whosoever doeth it. Go thou, then, and say unto Andrew as I have told thee, and bid his kinsman come straightway and consult with me in the matter."

Then went I in haste and write unto Andrew what the architect had said. But the next day there came no word. Then fell a great fear upon me; and the day after came a letter from Andrew, surnamed Cressus, bidding me remember well that of making of books there is no end, and that the housing of them was unto him as the breath of his nostrils. Yet wished he well unto the thought in mine heart, and prophesied that he who brought it to fulfillment would be considered a benefactor in his day and generation, but said again:

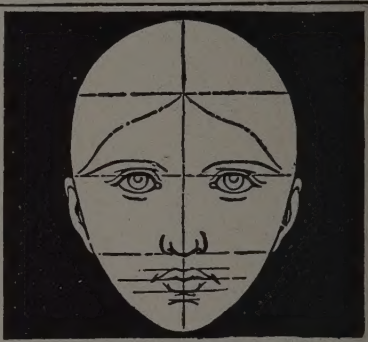
"In pleasant converse there is much delight, yet many words may be had without money and for small price—or, in the language of the common man—talk is cheap!"

So I returned unto mine abode desolate and pondered these things in my heart.

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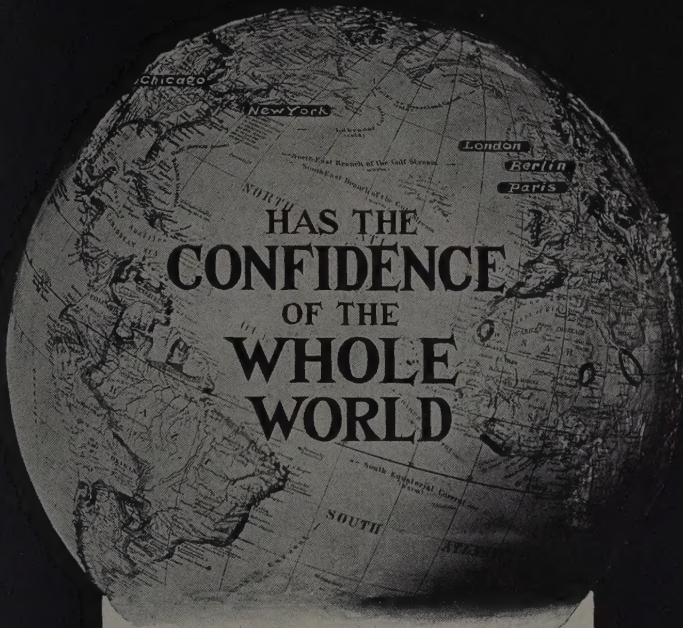
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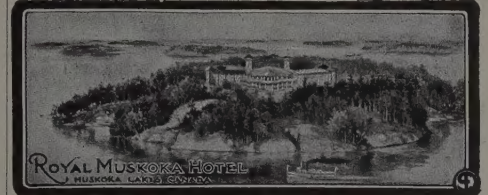
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## In the Vaudeville Houses

Henry V. Esmonde's play of London life, "When We Were Twenty-one," was the bill at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre recently. Among those in the cast were Malcolm Williams, Verner Clarges, H. Hudley Hawley, Julian Reed, Albert Veazie, Albert Roberts, Lotta Linthicum, Mathilda Deshon, Estelle Earle, Cecylle Mayer, Margaret Kirker, etc. Of equal attraction were the long list of specialists, headed by that unique artist, Clarice Vance, whose original interpretation of negro songs has gained her special distinction. Ossman and Hunter are banjoists of ability, and their interesting contribution is the performance of classical airs intended for the piano. Walter Daniels imitated many of the leading actors in a unique specialty, while the Brock Bros. presented a comedy act. Short and Edwards are both comedians and musicians, and V. P. Woodward presented some interesting tambourine juggling. James Weitzel showed a different sort of juggling, using Indian clubs, and the kalatechnoscope had a number of unusually good films to show.

"The Club Friend" was seen recently at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre. In the cast were George Alison, Gerald Griffin, John Westley, George Bryant, Edwin Fowler, Adelaide Keim, Rose Stuart, Loretta Healy, etc. Talbot and Rogers headed the list of vaudeville entertainers, presenting a unique specialty in which they caricature a broken-down tenor and a seedy tragedian. Ed. Grey, a monologuist, told new stories, and Louise Sylvester sang Scotch ballads. The Valveno Bros., hand-to-hand balancers, presented many difficult feats.





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## Ways of Pacifying Audiences

"A curious incident occurred in Indianapolis a few months ago," said a theatre manager to a writer recently. "We were to give 'The Eternal City' in English's Opera House. Well, the moving arrived, but, owing to a delay on the road, most of the scenery and some of the players did not make their appearance. Time went on, and it was not until the audience had assembled and were beginning to impatiently stamp their feet that the scenic equipment and the artists eventually turned up. The orchestra went to work and ground out all the old favorites, but we knew that the first scene of 'The Eternal City' could not possibly be in place until at least an hour after the time appointed.

"There was a consultation held as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances, and finally the business manager went before the audience, explained things to the audience, and told them frankly that the management had decided to keep the curtain up in order that the spectators might see the stage hands at work. There was considerable applause, and when the curtain was displaying odd pieces of scenery, ropes, workmen, actors, etc., the work of setting a scene was watched with absorbing interest. Walls were picked up and carried away, landscapes were studied, and gradually the terrible muddle began to assume the appearance of a room, and almost before the audience had realized the fact that the act of 'The Eternal City' had begun.

"Several years ago an amusing incident occurred in an English provincial town during the run of the well-known play, 'The Romany Rye.' It was just about time for the curtain to go down when the manager received a telegram from the principal actor saying that the train had been wrecked and that he would be unable to pre-empt himself before a quarter to nine at the earliest. As no understudy had been provided, it was decided to pose that the spectators should be treated to a rehearsal of the first act, and thus be enabled to realize what happens when the principal actor fails to turn up.

"Matters were explained to the waiting audience, and the manager, who saw that there was a good story for the following day's paper, took the scheme, inquired if a gentleman from the audience would kindly undertake to read the absent hero's part. After some delay one of the spectators got up and, amidst cheers, took his place on the stage. The stage manager was privately not to spare the performers, and in their turn made continuous and ridiculous mistakes, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter for the better part of an hour. It was exactly 9:15 when the curtain went up on the first scene of 'The Romany Rye,' and, though the play did not conclude until half an hour past midnight, the audience was enthusiastic in praise, and in consequence the theatre was packed during the rest of the run.

"Audiences before now have been pacified by unavoidable delays by the free distribution of coffee and cakes. Such an incident occurred at the New Jersey theatre last March. The manager had had some friction with the scene shop, and it was discovered that the ropes by which the heavy scenery was moved had been broken through and rendered useless, and the stage manager declared that it would take at least an hour and a half to re-rope the scenes. The manager at once telephoned to a near-by caterer, and how long it would be before he could be seen, the audience with refreshments.

"The caterer replied that he would be here with round coffee and ices within fifteen minutes, receiving the order. Ten minutes later a large army of waiters and waitresses arrived at the theatre, and within half a minute of the expiration of the stipulated time the audience was 'refreshed.' Everything passed off successfully, and at 9:30 the scenery was repaired and the play progressed smoothly to the finish."—*Tit-Bits*